

Maclean's

OLYMPIC PREVIEW

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VOL. 89, NO. 13

Maclean's

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By the game begins: The charges are still being paid, the billion-dollar merchandise and profit lost over the pandemic still growing. In the two weeks from July the XXI Olympic will belong to those who ran the fiasco, paying the highest, it was the referee, punch the hardest – the athletes. The athletes will be the first to move by researcher Tom Green and report from correspondents around the world. has written a 14-page prelude to the games, among in the big events and the individuals who promise to make them memorable. Australian John Walker in Tanzania at their days in the 1,500 meters, the king of Olga. "Everybody's sweetheart" Katerina Amelina's Olympic dream, who can say just and not just a man alone, the East German woman's in the 1988 Olympic collective and individual success in the Olympic business success." And prices.

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Baby-boom babies, off on a spree: They were born in the late Forties and early Fifties. They rebelled and then came to adulthood in the Sixties. Now in the Seventies, they are discovering money and all the good things it can buy. Angela Ferrante covers the phenomenon and the people behind it: people in custom-built cars, custom-built clothes and custom-built homes. "If you can't change the system," says one of them, "buy it."



Quebec's film, pay-TV may be the best friend Canadian culture ever had: For viewers it means first-run films, for cable operators, a golden egg. For Canada's film makers, a new lease on life, and for the country, if *Copains* succeeds, Minister Jeanne Sauvé prevails: one more chance to develop a cultural identity.



Tea, gentle sports while away and day afternoons: Some people may choose summer to delve into Dostoevsky or Tolstoy with Kurl, but most vacationers are simply looking for a good read. So reviewer Barbara Amiel has compiled a list of 10 books, including a look at Frank Sinatra, that neither "only work the coastline nor open the coastline."

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[illegible]

A close-up photograph of a glass filled with whiskey and several large ice cubes. To the left, a bottle of whiskey is partially visible. To the right, a plate with food, possibly a burger or sandwich, is partially visible. The lighting is warm and focused on the glass.

The Better Mizers... anytime.

[illegible]

10



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Interview

With Prime Minister Ian Smith

The image of Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Rhodesia, is that of a stern, recent convert to hold on to power, not only in the face of guerrilla war and economic sanctions but Henry Kissinger's declared support for black nationalism. One witness in Rhodesia's largest white population, an embassy Salisbury—the capital city—and a former "honor" Smith. However, the whites of Rhodesia appear unwilling to accept how the war is going. Salisbury lies under an incessantly easy calm, and Smith, though more frail than his pictures suggest, conveys an air of absolute invulnerability. Interviews with government officials at the center of political and military controversy are always staged and managed affairs intended to allow the interviewee as little as possible and sense of security as possible. First, producer Barry Callaghan issued his card when he stood at the police gates in Salisbury and was met by bodyguards who told him he would probably be given 10 minutes, hardly enough time to ask anyone anything. The gates opened and the embassy. Now, during military operations, adjacent to the park to wait for the Prime Minister. "He's 10 minutes late, very busy, worried one of the advisers. The interview can only wonder if he's going to get any real time at all and, if he does, will be cut off at the first convenient question on the grounds of "lateness." Smith arrived, shook hands, quickly allowed no preliminary exclamation and sat down ready to go. His advisers told Callaghan in such a fashion that the interview was to gauge the new tall, how he changed, then probe a little, and hope he could write most time. Callaghan asked and got two extensions, a total of 25 minutes. At one point in the interview Smith asked Rhodesia's Rhodesia a promising broad-based anti-white young economy. With good rail resources. Our situation could be. The question, of course, is whether he includes in that collective "we" the country's 5.7 million blacks or is he speaking only of his 274,000 whites.

Callaghan: Mr. Prime Minister, recently you called for patience and understanding. I'm wondering what is your government and your people's limit of understanding?

Smith: My remarks are directed more to the government, the politicians of the countries, than the commoners, the commoners. For some reason or other there does seem to be what I can correctly call a vendetta against Rhodesia and what we

are doing here. But when I think of the interests of your governments, they don't recognize us. For example, the President of the United States has said that while he may be able to speak to some other heads of state in the part of the world, he cannot speak to me because this would be tantamount to recognizing Rhodesia.



WE WERE TRIED AND CONVICTED WITHOUT GETTING THE CHANCE TO DEFEND OURSELVES

Callaghan: But why is it that governments make this mistake? Or because they are your regime as much as are they playing power politics with emerging black countries?

Smith: I find it illogical. It may be because of the British government's claim that they are still responsible for Rhodesia. But if you follow that to its logical conclusion then the United States government should also have been party to the United Nations resolution that imposed sanctions against us because by recognizing themselves as that resolution they recognized us. And to make things worse, they succeeded themselves with that resolution which now

demanded us to put us on trial, judged us and condemned us without ever giving us the opportunity to defend ourselves. And as you know that is contrary to all of the basic tenets and principles of justice and decency.

Callaghan: Do you think that was political expediency on the part of these countries?

Smith: Well, I'm unable to comment on what motivates them. All I can do is analyze the situation and give you the facts and I don't think there can be any doubt in anybody's mind, especially a fair-minded man, that what they are doing is as unjustified. It's quite wrong. I don't know why. We are unable to ascertain why it is that those governments adopt this attitude to us, the United States and the Canadian government as well.

Callaghan: Is there a political morality involved in sanctions, as far as you're concerned?

Smith: Well, there is no morality as far as sanctions against Rhodesia are concerned.

Callaghan: Are sanctions immoral?

Smith: You sanctions were imposed upon us without anybody listening to us at all, and I would go further and say to you that those who imposed sanctions against us believed that they were doing this in order to meet black Rhodesians. In actual fact, the sanctions have done and are today doing more harm to black Rhodesians than they ever do white Rhodesians, so they are doubly evil.

Callaghan: Didn't you, in 1973, for your own political interests, argue sanctions on Zambia? You're the leader of the movement, to force them into a political position.

Smith: No, that isn't correct. Let me give you the facts of the case. At that particular time there was a seep of terrorist movements for the first time across the border from Zambia. People were coming across and were committing atrocious Rhodesian acts on the south side of the border. I sent a number of messages to the President of Zambia and told him that this was tantamount to open war against Rhodesia, and that if he was prepared to take care of that kind of thing, in other words, terrorist attacks from his territory, then I would have no option other than to drop him across through my country, because otherwise it would be supporting a country that was physically attacking us. I tried to communicate with the President of Zambia. I tried to hold meetings with him, to suggest that some of our ministers should hold meetings and I never even had the courtesy of an acknowledgment of a reply. After



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and suffering, tremendous policies. I want to assure you, and I think the Zambian president what I would be forced to do if he did nothing to stop the terrorist movements. In the end we resorted to closing the border in order to try to protect ourselves. But we were taking the lives of innocent innocent Rhodesians. It harmed Zambia more than it harmed us. But these were not men that entered our mind when we did this. We were motivated by principle. Only you cannot back and assist the country where that country is openly attacking you, killing your people and trying to subvert you. It was a straightforward, simple principle.

Makheane: Some of your critics in this country, white critics, say they built this duty of responsibility for the services to receive, for the service activity. They say that since independence your policies have constituted a form of discrimination for the blacks and they are any number of speeches by members of your government in economic, political terms.

Smith: I would like to have an opportunity to answer the accusations, because as far as I am concerned this government of mine, since Rhodesia came to power has assumed to a number of liberal measures and we have certainly gone out of our way to promote the interests of black Rhodesians. I don't think there is any doubt that they enjoy a better standard of living now than they did before my government came to power.

Makheane: You have said that you would not allow an irresponsible black majority. What do you mean by an irresponsible black majority and could there be a responsible black majority?

Smith: I have never said an irresponsible black majority. There used that I believe is responsible government as opposed to irresponsible government, so that constitute a maintenance of standards. This simply means a continuation of the situation that we have always had in Rhodesia ever since we have had a constitution. You see, we have always had certain qualifications for the franchise. This isn't something which my government introduced so I'm not suggesting any change there. But what I have said, as far as a black government is concerned, is that I am not willing, as far as I believe in that regard, to have any government that would be based on color, not only black. I have repeatedly said and even a white government. When I am voting for one of the best possible governments for Rhodesia, irrespective of race, irrespective of color. Why can we not have the best Rhodesians govern Rhodesia? This is the point that I make.

Makheane: But your white critics say that the best white man may come forward and take their place in the government, but still the white people will have been able to make his own "decisions" are against him as the amount of money spent on white education per capita is so much larger than on black education per capita.

Smith: I think we have to live with our history. It is a fact that most of the educated

and skilled people in Rhodesia today are found within the ranks of the white Rhodesians. But again this is something that this government has done. People must be rewarded that Rhodesia was one of the last countries in southern Africa to come into contact with western civilization, and that was only just before the turn of the century.

Makheane: In terms of qualifications, aren't white representation not freedom of speech of the House of Assembly? By definition they have 50 seats and the blacks have it and only eight of them are elected.

Smith: I think that there are more white people elected than black people, that is because there are more white people with the necessary qualifications. But there is one other factor. It is amazing how many



I WON'T BE ASSOCIATED WITH ANY GOVERNMENT BASED ON COLOR. BE IT BLACK...OR WHITE

black Rhodesians will say to you. "You know, this is a white man's system of government that is foreign to us, we have our own system, which is a tribal system, whereby we live through our community and we are very happy with this system, and quite frankly, which can take care of us."

Makheane: It is that or say, what you are really saying is that the white will maintain governmental control.

Smith: I think it depends on whether the black people are prepared to take the initiative, to take an interest. This is the crux of the matter.

Makheane: Do you think that the atmosphere right now is conducive to blacks taking the initiative? I am thinking of the car-fueled and some of the statements made by members of your government, their harshness. Do you think that blacks are encouraged to enter into relations with the power structure?

Smith: Well, I think that if the rest of the world—and particularly Britain—would withdraw from the scene, I think that blacks would speak itself. But, you talk about car-fueled lines?

Makheane: I was reading through the parliamentary debates and I came across a speech by Mr. P. K. van der Byl, the minister of defense, on July 31, 1971. I found the same day, yesterday, Mr. van der Byl says, "I have no intention of attempting to do anything about this and as far as I am concerned the many car-fueled lines who are about the border, and the sooner that is rectified the better." If I were a black I would not welcome that line.

Smith: But you see how wrong you are. You are assuming that it is against blacks that is not so. I would remind you that we are it was that hundreds of innocent Rhodesians are being killed—most of them black Rhodesians—by bush wars, assassinations, who are Communists. Communist indoctrinated and Communist aimed; they are killing and maiming innocent people, women and children. Now, in the operational area we have a curfew, at nighttime, in order to protect black Rhodesians, and anybody who violates the curfew, unfortunately, is on the receiving end, not only black Rhodesians anybody.

Makheane: I have not seen one instance of a white being killed for breaking the curfew. I have been out with white friends breaking the curfew. I have read of a number of blacks being shot though.

Smith: I want to assure you that there is absolutely no discrimination in fact in the curfew is concerned. Kindness actually state that that most of the white people are more aware of what takes place and most of the white people live in different areas. The terrorists are operating in the black areas, not in the white areas, so that, actually, the curfew breakers will be the people who reside in the areas where the terrorists are operating. This isn't anything of our choice.

Makheane: I have been reading your book. The minority spokesman says, in effect, that if a member of the white security forces kills a man, and we might assume in this case it would be a black man, if he were to kill him and it turned out that he was innocent of all terrorist activity, the minority law passed the Security Forces more if he says he was either a "good friend," that he was helping to defend the nation against terrorism.

Smith: Well, he must prove that he was acting in good faith.

Makheane: All he has to do is say so.

Smith: This is not correct. You are attempting to condemn. In every case where

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In those days, it was all mud and rain and trees. Used to be a great place to explore. I believe you are overlooking the fact that Rhodesia is at war. This is the sort of thing that happens in other countries during the last war. I was in that war and many was the time that soldiers were hurt and were killed accidentally in good faith. There was never any suggestion that the soldier concerned did this or had faith.

Maclean: Is it as it applied here, under the law, did you see the war in Rhodesia?

Smith: No, I think you are quite wrong there, with due respect. Rhodesia is something great to the people while the country is at war and we are at war, according to my information, exactly the same thing applied to the Allied countries during the last war. This is what the world is inclined to forget, that we are at war. We are fighting for our lives.

Maclean: I would like you to give me your view of what is happening right now in the war. Can you see the front was less involved recently in the north-east and in the south? But in the last weeks, the terrorists have made their way into the south and into the south-east. Rather than making attacks on government, you now have a concerted effort to hit the southern rail lines and sometimes roads attempting to cut off your life-line to southern and South Africa, either for supply or escape.

Smith: Well, it is correct to say that the extreme front has widened in larger than it was. This is quite logical, something that we have anticipated for a long time. Once the Mozambique government collapsed, we realized that this would provide an opportunity for the terrorists to move down on our line and our southern border. A logical thing to do, which we, ourselves, have done had we been in their position. This has now taken place.

Maclean: But they are attacking your southern border. There is the continuing struggle along the Mozambique border and so what happens if they capture the southern front? How can you be able to spread yourself out to deal with all these borders? How can you grow a little bit?

Smith: Well, we have anticipated, plans for this eventuality in the same way as we planned for the present extension of the border. I don't face one moment in my day that the wider the border, the greater is the effect on our economy and on the morale of the Rhodesian people. But if we have to expand our efforts in order to cope with the situation, then I'm satisfied that the Rhodesians have made up their minds that this is something they accept.

Maclean: There are approximately 274,000 white Rhodesians in terms of white South Africa. The New York Times has just said 40 days of these in the last month.

Smith: Well, as far as numbers are concerned, I don't believe this in anything that should alarm us. To begin with, when this movement was started in our northeast, we had more than we did subsequently because, as we prepared news and prepara-

tion improved, we managed to get on top of the situation. It is a fact that in these new areas we were not prepared. Well, gradually now, we are becoming more and more prepared and I believe that the position should improve.

Maclean: Can you stand, along with economic sanctions, the economic measures in the military, dividing all these fronts?

Smith: As far as coping with the economy is concerned, we have a very strong bread-basis and with small economy. I'm pleased to say. The other day an American economist said it was one of the best or five best managed economies in the world. We have got rich resources. Our situation is still low by comparison with world standards so I think we still have a certain amount of leeway there.

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WE ARE AT WAR, AND IN WAR INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE KILLED IN GOOD FAITH

Maclean: What happens if they do hit these southern railroads?

Smith: If those were cut, of course it would be serious, but they won't be cut. We will ensure that.

Maclean: Do you have military plans short and beyond the kind of meeting sessions now going on that you would put into effect if those railroads were cut?

Smith: Yes, I think you can say that we will have quite a number of meetings up and down, if I may use that expression, and clearly that isn't the sort of thing I'm prepared to discuss in public. You will understand that.



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Change

MARRIED King Carl Gustaf of Sweden, 38, the first reigning Swedish monarch to marry since 1791, and German-born composer **Sylvia Kerkela Sommerloch**, 32, the daughter of a West German businessman and a Spanish noblewoman. They exchanged vows (Sommerloch delivered him an ear of Swedish corn) at a candle-lit ceremony in the Stockholm Stockholms oldest church which dates from 1240. Royalists from eight countries (including King Constantine and Queen Anne-Marie of Greece, Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, and Queen Margarete II of Denmark) and 1,400 other guests attended, while millions across Europe watched on television.

MARRIED British-born, man guy actor **Peter Leavelle**, 32, whose films include *Rebels*, *Adrian And Caesar* and *The April Fools*, and **Elizabeth Gould**, 27 years his junior (a food, a costume member of the Rat Pack (Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr.) became a fashion tele-

vision face in the 1970s with his sister, *Dear Phoebe*, but he's best known for his former marriage to John F. Kennedy's sister, *Pierces*.

MARRIED **Tommy Wynton**, quack of country music, and **Jane Tynan**, a businesswoman in commercial real estate in Nashville. Wynton, 34, has been married twice before, and has five daughters.

SEPARATED **Olivia Rose** from her publicist



husband **Robert Silverstein** after a five-year marriage. It was Rose's powerful voice and dynamic presence that fueled the Supremes into one of the leading vocal groups of the 1960s. In the five years since she left the Supremes, Rose has established herself as a solo performer. She starred as *Billy Holiday* in *Easy Street* (The Show), and made *Mohawks*, a critical flop, into a box office smash. She has two more films in the works and a 90 minute NBC TV special planned for the fall. She has asked for custody and support for herself and the couple's three daughters: Rhonda, Rose, Tracie, three, and Chastity, eight months.

DEAD **Judge Oliver Carter**, 65, who was Chief Justice of the United States District Court for Northern California and presided over the recent robbery trial of Patricia Hearst. He sentenced Hearst to 35 years to be reconsidered after three months of psychological tests. Another judge will be chosen to do the final sentencing.

DEAD **Johnny Mercer**, 66, who, although he could not read music, wrote hundreds of songs and collaborated with most of the outstanding popular composers of the past half-century. His best leg has a collaboration with Harry Warshawski, was *Love Power*, a song that reflected his southern United States background. His other hits include *Moon River*, *Autumn Togetherness* and *Sweet For and Days Of Wine And Roses*.

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Letters

The Eaton's idea was good, and the execution even better

I would like to thank Barbara Amiel for *Trouble In Dixie* (May 31). It's uncommon among I would never have thought that I could be so read as article on management problems in a department store. However Amiel's clear, engaging style, direct character portraits and fantastic dry wit captured the complexity, the writing technique, the insight and thorough presentation of the facts of the story with a critically observant and quietly humorous style, reminds me of the excellent writers of *The New Yorker*.

IAN MACDONALD, TORONTO

Having been a Minnesotan in good standing for all 28 of my years, Barbara Amiel's reference to Minnesotans in *Trouble In Dixie* was bound to be chuckle. She states: "But Winnipeggers, like Minnesotans, are expected to walk with their eyes out down the street." If Amiel cut her eyes around her in this country she would find thousands of level-headed Minnesotans—many of them scholarly and aggressive in business—in all walks of life. (Well, maybe not as fashionable models for En Vogue.)

MRS. HELEN PARRIS GATSHALL, BC

The truth is also in verbs

"When I switch to French," says a civil servant *Flaming French* (May 31), "I automatically drop to the intellectual level of a 12-year-old. I can't discuss complex subjects in the language." Do you realize that this is also true for French-speaking Canadians when they have to speak English? This isn't only a complaint of a naive newcomer and a prejudiced, ignorant Quebecer; it also shows why the language program must not be slowed but ac-

celerated and amplified. It is the only alternative to separating this country into two linguistic regions: independent or not at all, each other. It also proves that merit and competence cannot be opposed to bilingualism. In a country like ours a publisher must who is not bilingual is not competent.

MAURICE J. TREMBLAY, MONTREAL

Public persons and private lives

In your story about Sir Courts (The Right Hand of Trouble, June 28) you refer to me as having "become embroiled in a public controversy over the promotion of mining stocks before joining the public service."

This statement has no basis whatever in fact. At no time have I had any public or private dispute or difficulty in connection with "the promotion of mining stocks." There were two law suits I initiated a point in time. In 1874 I was sued by Morris Menzies, a former mining associate, in connection with whether I was a member of an "oral partnership" which owned a DH 125 mining pit. In 1875, within a day or two of the announcement of my appointment to the Senate, the same Morris Menzies commenced an action against me alleging that I had owed him, personally about \$10,000 worth of shares in a transaction under which my trustees had given assurance that if shares owned by Menzies were sold by a bank, I would replace a portion of them. The aforementioned actions have been settled with Menzies, and at all times constituted a private legal dispute, having no bearing whatever on my public standing as a member of the Prime Minister's Office.

The "controversy" was the creation of an individual writing for the Vancouver

Star, who made unsupported and unsubstantiated assertions to which I fully replied, also in the Vancouver Star, within one week.

I regret that you did not avail yourself of the opportunity to discuss this matter with me.

ACK ALVIN TREMBLAY, OTTAWA

Senator Austin's contention is correct. But the controversy to which Maclean's referred was not about the two law suits which have been settled, nor was it in regard that there had been any discrepancy whatever in the balance. The reference was in allegations made in the House of Commons and in the press, to which Senator Austin responded at the time.

Inference is in the eye of the beholder

Character assassination by inference (not by new depths in your Peace region story *The Reporter Who Became The Story* on a cub reporter's complaints about my tendency to the interests of Iron Ltd. With your steering column ("... when everything was not said and done, she had to spend it") the only conclusion an unbalanced reader could draw was that you had me in your pocket, which you carefully and advantageously didn't say of course. You were also suspiciously careful not to mention that, as I told your reporter, your advice was hardly by me shortly after it arrived in Sudbury last July that there was to go no special treatment because my chief rival was a friend of mine. This statement could easily have been checked and my crucial point of the Sudbury Star in the past 11 months would have confirmed that those instructions have been followed.

As for the "barbs" about which you were so proud so what? Maclean's may feel it isn't their stuff and that it's unnecessary to have a gossamer and unimpressive code of ethics nailed to the newspaper wall. I've been content to follow whatever rules the papers for which I've worked have laid down, to try to make a name of pride in their performance in the reputation for whose training I've been responsible and to trust them to have the sense to accept or reject gifts on the basis of whether or not there are strings attached. No one on the staff has shared that trust since I've been here. And I live by the same rules. It expects that to follow. I'm sorry I don't live up to Maclean's high standards but since when has Maclean's become the conscience of the nation?

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Imported Heinekens, available at Liquor Stores.

glish. "Ten or 12 years ago, it took an average secretary a month's salary to buy a ticket from Vancouver to Montreal and back. Today she can buy it on a week's salary. So I make no apologies for putting up wine rooms, simply because I think we have held them down far too long."

The price of a one-way economy ticket from Vancouver to Montreal, according to Air Canada's schedule effective June 12 is \$184. I would dearly love to know who this average secretary is who earns \$165 per week! If that is what Taylor pays his secretary I will apply for the job immediately. The only other conclusion I can reach is that Taylor is talking off the top of his head and I hope for the sake of us average secretaries and average workers in general that he has a little more to drink. (See sidebar)

MAX HANDE GUFFEL,
FREDERICTON, NS

Speak for yourself alone

Until recently I appreciated the intelligence and insight that have gone into film criticism but Mavis Jackson's review of *Mission: Impossible* (May 31) is full of trivial, movie-going details and misleading information. "Jack Nicholson fears his million-dollar grin is trivial (although to me preferable any day to a Roddolpho grin) and he is not the leader of the home nation. The leader would not say belated to grow cabbages while the others ride to Canada."

Preconceived ideas of Penn, Brando, and Nicholson do not make a good movie and the "we" point of view certainly does not include me (except for what Jackson says about Michael Duffin's photography). "The film that invited roles of indifference in all directions" only to the extent that in reality each individual has his own desires. Jackson has made "indifference" synonymous with "indifference." If it is Brando's idea to share a car with his house and to play the barman, it is in keeping with his playful, whimsical, schizoid character. An open-minded director and writer would readily agree to show from Brando whose intelligent additions have always added to the richness of the characters in his movies. Jackson's praise for *Culture Lord* shows no understanding for her role. Her "forthrightness" is a result of her very spoiled upbringing. Having been told no, she acts like an unspoiled child.

I think Arthur Penn's direction is well executed. The varied scene lengths fit the mood and action of the plot with the scenes changing smoothly throughout. The *Three Stooges* comedy is very misleading and it can recall only one funny scene during the entire robbery but I could not come close to that divergence. I failed to notice "first or five movies" in *Mission: Impossible*, but I did see four or five important characters—another example of Jackson mistaking individuality for diversity.

LAURA STURDY, HANCOCK, ME

"What a wise and economical investment my Maytag proved to be," writes Mrs. Effler.

"It has been washing 2 or 3 loads a day since 1962, but repair costs have been surprisingly small."

The marvelous service she has gotten from her Maytag Washer proves to her that quality is the best bargain, according to Mrs. Norman Effler, Winnipeg, Man.

"We bought it shortly after the birth of our first son in 1962, and it has been working hard ever since," she states. It saw all four children through diapers, and today it's as busy as ever, washing everything from jeans and sneakers to permanent-press and delicate things.

Hard as her Maytag Washer has always worked, it has seldom seen the repairman. "Five years ago we added a Maytag Dryer and this also has proved to be a good investment," she adds.

We don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Effler reports. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



MAYTAG
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE



Smiling: Mr. Michael Effler, Anthony Lynn Nichols, 2, and Brian, 13. (Seated: Mrs. Gloria Nichols, 4, Brian, 12, and their dog, Rocco.)

THE EFFLER FAMILY, THE NICHOLS, 4, BRIAN, 13

Beneath all the pious talk of 'keeping the airways safe' is a simple case of racism

Column by John Condit

"It's the airplane I think," said Professor Norberto Frey at a lecture. "The use of English is an essential difference to the Canadian consciousness. The airplane supplied a perspective that began to pull the country together." Frey may be asking himself these days if it is not the airplane that is tearing the country apart. Certainly the people on the flight deck and the people who keep the airplane flying have been tearing the country apart, and it is their obvious responsibility to help stop pulling it together.

The Canadian Air Line Pilots Association, which brought the government to its knees on the question of bilingual air traffic control in Quebec, pleaded in a long statement mailed to me on June 26 that it is neither anti-French nor anti-Quebec, only pro-safety. But in the same statement CALPA compromised its purity by declaring: "Before United States America there has been no consideration entertained by their government to introduce two languages into any aspect of aviation as communications, to serve both French, Spanish or Puerto Rican communities." This Canada's largest province with an 8.6 million people of French mother tongue (3.67 million speaking French only) was deemed to be the choice of a Louisiana or Texas fringe population of an emerging co-society, Puerto Rico, which has only 3,415 square miles to fly around as. Flight captains know their Canadian propaganda, but they are clearly thinking like Canadian demagogues. The "Foreigners"—in this case, Americans—of French Canada by false comparison is, in fact, one of the vilest expressions of Anglo bashing.

Quebec was given another dose of the foreign incident last March by CALPA's

first vice-president, D. Bruce Yule. (Is an Ontario speech he said.) "The use of English in the air is a fact of life. It does not discriminate against the French—or no more so than against the Spanish, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Chinese, Germans, Polish, Indians." Since the dispute is over the use of French in domestic air space, Yule was in effect replying almost five million French Canadians with Canada's non-aviable Anglo population.

Anglo hostility also comes packaged in statements that Quebecers don't speak the real French. French 11 is another form of the Louisiana treatment of Bayou Balafré. "The French used in Quebec does not lend itself readily to accurate translation of technical documents," the safety panel of the Canadian Association and Space Institute concluded in Ottawa in 1971. While the panel was doing this ignoring its unanimous vote against bilingual air traffic control in Quebec, aviation French was being used at five airports there for that purpose. (A simple explanation for bilingual air traffic control: a pilot identifies his plane or flight in French and you his landing instructions in French. If he opens the exchange in English the tower responds in English.) A vast body of highly technical aviation French exists in Canada, in manuals of the international aviation organization or France itself. That French has not been completely standardized for Canadian official use as aviation simply reflects our lagging mastery to a nation.

Candidate including francophones, learned much of their flying in English during and after two world wars. It's not surprising therefore to see the occasional francophone joining the battle against

French in Quebec skies. Pierre Goy Charbonneau, a senior Air Canada pilot, wrote a letter to the *Montreal Star* (1974) declaring he wouldn't dream of using French in the cockpit any more than he would dream of using English to make love. The union committee, "just up," he suggested, might come out on the binary language of Marlene in "Monsieur le premier officier, veuillez avoir l'obligeance de passer le train d'atterrissage." Captain Charbonneau was put straight a few weeks later by lesser writer Daniel Dorena. "Respect le train," would do, he said (another pilot suggested simply "train"), and by refusing to make love in English Charbonneau could be missing out on a good thing.

A widely quoted incident against French in the skies over Quebec is a letter to the editor of *Aviation Week And Space Technology* from a retired U.S. admiral. A Rio de Janeiro controller wrote Vice-Admiral Allen M. Shoup, who headed a U.S. Navy inquiry, that a Brazilian DC-8 and a U.S. Navy DC-5 on a collision course, speaking Portuguese in the DC-5 and English in the DC-8. He recognized his error, in panic failed to warn the DC-5 and wanted to call the DC-8 too late to avert a crash ending 61 lives. Had the exchange with both pilots been in English, such an error might have been avoided.

An essential detail is missed out of the admiral's letter in versions distributed by CALPA. The Brazilian controller was giving his English from a phrase book. Also, the incident occurred at the dawn of the age when air traffic control was tape-recorded. No controllers in an international airport today would be fumbling around with an English phrase book. And Quebec's francophone controllers have to say out English every working day.

The day of his election as CALPA president in 1974, Ken Milley offered the president "English is the international language of aviation," as his theme and final answer to the bilingual dispute. The slogan has been produced on banner stickers and plastered from airplanes. It belongs to the syndrome that insists Quebec is a foreign land. There are other languages of an alien confining place that are international. The hurdle for English as a indispensable shorthand for flight recording language seems less long since been won. What we're looking at here is a bit of the old Canadian venom. Until that is faced, Professor Frey's airplane hasn't a chance of pulling the country together.

John Condit is a liberal from Colorado, a journalist with no credits.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AIR CANADA PILOT



The White Elephant
(Smirnoff white crème de cacao 30-1-1)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the crème de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands down. "Delicious," testers told us, "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place! And the people who had opposed milk in the first place: "It goes down too easy."



There's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 oz. of liquor in it and if you don't make it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll test it (and yourself) with respect. To make a White Elephant: Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. white crème de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff
It leaves you breathless



Get a taste of independence.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — stopped inhaling.
Average per cigarette: King Size 25mg "tar" 1.3mg nicotine

Preview

The breadbasket runneth over—and just in the nick of time

Europe is in drought, eastern Canada is suffering almost daily rains, but in the Prairies the weather has conspired to produce one of the greatest wheat crops of the century. An early spring has all grain crops two weeks ahead of schedule, and June rains have created optimal growing conditions. In Saskatchewan alone, the production is that the wheat yield per acre will average 36 bushels (compared to 22 per acre just prior to 1960), and with 15.5



Harvesting: the year of the big bushel

million acres in production that means a crop of nearly 600 million bushels, and a potential income for Saskatchewan growers of more than \$1.5 billion. The great growing year could not have come at a better time for all concerned. The farmers have had a bad couple of years, struggling just to stay even in a Canadian economy that has been experiencing 15 to 18% annual inflation. Otto Lang, the minister responsible for the Wheat Board, announced earlier this year that the government will need 500 million bushels of wheat this year to meet domestic and export needs, with only 200 million bushels currently in the bin, a great 1976 crop has become almost mandatory.

Born to rule: duh: Cacciafava—said this is hardly news—do not expect at certain spots. Foreign-owned pharmaceuticals soon in hospital, for instance, makes it almost obligatory for Canada's sports pages to identify him as being from Chatham, Ontario, whenever he's mentioned. Grand Prixes driving in another Canadian homecoming, but after the Vancouver Grand Prix, which will probably be held at Mosport this fall, the newspapers may be feeding themselves dreaming a new world-class driver as being from Bensenville, Quebec. His name is Gilles Villeneuve,



Villeneuve: the fastest Canadian alive

he's 24, and in racing parlance he's becoming "the best shot in the country." In the Formula Atlantic Series earlier this year he won five of ten races. What's more, he has the advantage of being second for the Formula One team of Walter Wolf, who avoided problems in Canada from 20 years ago and has now commanded more than \$2.5 million to a Grand Prix team over the next three years. Wolf's current driver is Jackie Ficks of Belgium, but he's getting older and the foot on the accelerator is getting lighter, and for Walter Wolf, who once wanted to race himself, that won't do.

The red man's horizon: Trid finally, and even inconspicuously (as is the case of Anishinabe), the government of Canada has been able to buy off native



Grassroots they always return to haunt you

people with a chequebook. But this fall, when the Deer Nation sits down to bargain land claims with Ottawa, money won't be enough. Not will assistance, or royalties on resources taken from reserve land. Dene—which is what the Mistaken Valley Indians and Métis have designated themselves—will be making a case for their own northern territory, as they can have control over future resource decisions.

Led by 37-year-old Georges Erasmus, newly elected president of 1977 Indian Brotherhood, and Rick Hardy, 1977 Métis leader, Dene will be asking for no less than a 450,000-square-mile area with their own government, which would control everything from economic development to liquor policy, within their territory. Ottawa is not known to be warm to that idea. Judd Buchanan, the Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, has called for the original Dene Declaration "pogonology" any grade 10 student could have ground out in 15 minutes. "The Indian Brotherhood and the Métis Association of 1977, who issued it, then called on the Prime Minister to support Buchanan, which he will likely do in a cabinet shuffle later in the summer."

The sting: If there was a way to stop mosquitoes from biting, it actually would be worth \$15.98, and the instrument that appeared for the Electronic Mosquito Repel-



ler on Edmontone television would be a golden. However, the federal government stands unconvinced and is asking two members of the device to assist in August 16. The change is that of inadequate testing, and comes under the Consumer Investigation Act. It may be only the first of a number of such legal actions, because mosquito repellent, especially in the years of the mosquito bite, is becoming big business. Dr. J. J. Carter, chairman of the Canadian Consumer on Biting Flies (no kidding) union, however, that "there is no electronic gadget you can put in your garden right now to prevent you from being bitten." One of his associates claims a Washington company once made another electronic gadget, one that attracted and then mosquitoes or an electronic grid. His guess was that every mosquito the grid got, about a dozen got too.

tempt to put his bilingual policy back together. He felt no doubt of his mind at the weekly Liberal caucus meeting July 7. Strong by the government's evident failure to sell the policy, Trudeau agreed passionately that the party must now mount "a massive effort to win acceptance" (O'Brien, seat one member, "we sit on our hands and pick it up"). Said Jean Chretien, President of the Treasury Board: "Perhaps as a party we felt this problem was solved—and it wasn't." Added Lang: "A commitment in the House of Commons and no limited order is not enough. There needs to be broader understanding of what the policy is and what it is not. When you start affecting people either directly in jobs or indirectly as their lives, they'll have questions." This state Chretien's dose to sell bilingualism will be different: English-speaking Liberals, rather than their francophone colleagues, have been ordered to carry the fight in English Canada. "This was going to carry the burden of selling bilingualism in English and French Canada on my back anyway," declared a senior French-speaking cabinet member. "I'll speak in Quebec from now on."

Given the government's low standing in the polls and considerable anti-Trudeau sentiment in English Canada, the question was whether or not the Liberals could succeed. Trudeau looked off the effort by accepting a long-standing invitation to take part in an hour-long Radio Canada interview, during which he was questioned by three French-language editors. The task of selling bilingualism to the French could not be accomplished without strong support in Quebec and Ontario. "We need to have Quebecers believe in bilingualism," he affirmed. Any suggestion, he said, that French was a language only for Quebec and English for the rest of Canada "would be the end of the country," that only bilingualism could prevent apatization. Questioned by the editors, who were skeptical of the agreement, Trudeau insisted that it had not been dictated by Lang or any special interests in the proposed five-year jurisdiction that would decrease the official face of bilingualism in services (at the time of the negotiations, the PM was in Puerto Rico for a constitutional conference). In fact, Trudeau allowed, "I don't believe in five years. I see that things could have been done differently, but I wasn't the negotiator. Yet he surely dictated Lang's handling of the situation calling from one of the bilingual defenders of the magazine among his English-speaking associates.

It seemed ironic that a national effort could develop over an attempt to introduce a system of no traffic control that is used in much of the world. The International Civil Aviation Organization stipulates that air-ground communications be in air local language, but that English—the lingua franca of the airlines—should be available. In Canada, the regular use of any language other than English has only



been permitted in five smaller Quebec cities—Sept-les, Bas-Coteau, Quebec City, St. Jean and St. Hyacinthe—which are claimed to use French. With the growth of private aviation and the public racism in recent years of francophone threats in Quebec, promises had increased to expand two-language services to Montreal. As the government avoided the problem, a war of attrition developed. Two confrontations were suspended in Montreal last December for using French while English version personnel spread hostile rumors about the alleged safety hazards involved in the use of two languages—rumors eagerly played up by the media. Concern over job security for anglophone personnel in Montreal was obviously a factor, but there was also a feeling that CATAs and CAUAs were out to fight bilingualism. In 1974, for example, CATAs president Jean-Louis Gosselin refused to sign the French-language version of a contract with the government.

In the long run, the hope is that all sides will participate in, and abide by, the studies on safety standards and standards by the government. Given goodwill, plus some technical studies and the examples of the European system—always look good for bilingual communications at Quebec airports that will prove both workable and, more important, not dangerous. As Hiram Merrett, transport ministry director of air traffic control, observed, "two languages are perhaps less convenient, but certainly not less safe." For its part, the Transport Ministry is satisfied that, in the words of an official, when the studies are finished

"the case [for bilingual control] will be irrefutable." As it is, major reports on the future of the aviation in flight. The state already has done damage, noted a French-Canadian freelance, that "will take years to correct."

ROBERT LEWIS

MONTREAL

The very dangerous games
For weeks helicopters buzzed through the skies above Montreal, causing security postures and disturbing afternoon traffic. Civilians kept finding Olympic Games sites banned through the airport, as the case of Montreal's downtown McGill stadium, right into the bedrooms of high-rise dwellers. Finally, with the arrival of Sergeant President Leopold Beller Segal, police hardware made a noisy debut. An escort of 30 holding Harley-Davidson burred through city's downtown traffic in front of Segal's limousine while a helicopter hovered constantly above. Even for Montrealers brought up on a suburban diet of cops and robbers, it was a bit much. Police explained that it was only a day run—the President was among his associates for Quebec Elections in the future prepared for her speaking visit (not as important, it was said) and practical for the army of security forces organized to guard the Montreal Olympics through Canada's biggest-ever security operation. At a cost of about \$100 million—or about \$100,000 per athlete—according to the games was overwhelming police enough

ago ahead. More than 16,000 armed men were recruited from the Montreal, Quebec and Ontario police forces and from the Armed Forces. Mail was checked for bombs. Barbed wire border patrols snared back roads from Ontario to New Brunswick. Armed with a special investigation, border officials could turn back any suspicious-looking characters. Everywhere the Olympic theme turned, along the perimeter from key airports—where high-level and surveillance had the side effect of leading to a shortage of emergency—to all 23 Olympic sites and major power installations, in could snarl the rings of jets with its CI after pretending.

The focus was prepared for anything—from crashing miraculously released pickpockets to defusing bombs (private hospital and morgue was the way to pick up the pieces if they failed). An elite citizen anti-terrorist squad moved by in Montreal equipped with \$200,000 worth of gear, including 10,000 night-vision, two \$10,000 SeaTrix helicopters, backup ground units and a mobile command unit. "We have never been subjected to do our job," said Quebec Police Force chief inspector Yves Aubin. "This security is a myth. We can prepare for all sorts of things, but we are vulnerable."

In the post-Montreal Olympic sites, when the police most feared was a repetition of the summer attack that killed 11 Israeli athletes in 1972. As the 11,600-odd Olympic athletes and officials began to enter the city, they were welcomed with a "security corridor" from which they could emerge at

their own pace. They traveled in buses escorted with armed soldiers, and were installed in Olympic villages ringed with high fences, patrolled by jets and surveyed by helicopter. Some national teams, for example the Israeli, who feared reprisals for their recent airborne thrust into Uganda to snare 102 black hostages, had their own security agents with them—though they were not allowed to carry guns. How do you protect an athlete without going out on the town? "We can't protect them all the time," admitted Inspector Vincent Rodrigue. "But we would not let any dangerous security group such as the Israeli go out alone."

Not surprisingly, there were complaints over the security measures—from athletes who thought that the spirit of the games was being destroyed, and from locals who found that their lives were being disrupted. At the aquarium area in Montreal, Quebec, residents had to wear special identification cards and all visitors had to pass through a police check. In Quebec where the best-selling events were scheduled, a number of pubs and stores were out of its vehicular traffic by police barricades.

In Quebec during the past year police have made what they termed "security visits" on more than 500 leaders of ethnic and peasant groups, including many arrested during Quebec's 1970 July kidnapping crisis, prompting civil libertarians to complain of police harassment. Teacher Guy Lacourse, 46, who was held for 71 days without being charged in 1970, was would move and finally decided to go to

France during the games. "If neither takes a step then find yourself in something I had nothing to do with," he said.

In charge of the coordinated Olympic security operation was Guy Toupin, operating from a central command post in an old market close to the Olympic stadium. The 20-year veteran of the Montreal Police Community police department on the motto for the operation: "Visible but discreet." He himself felt the massive security was "deplorable." But after Montreal, he has no choice. "And he was pleased with the efficiency and met with which the security forces solved some of the Olympic problems that their last appearance in Montreal was in full force gear during the 1970 crisis, the Second Battalion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police from Chignecto, N.S., believed in an anti-crack squad, sometimes to all calls waiting when that a fleet of army jeeps would be moving into the neighborhood. After turning the wheel into a barracks, complete with officers' mess and regimental library and canteen, the troops entered back in to hear their pipe band.

Those realists that Canada may be shocked by the extent of security arrangements. But it is well below what most other countries have provided. For the 1968 games, for example, Mexico had



Bluenose and (next) its former captain, Hartling: a problem of dance at sea

25,000 police and 30,000 military on hand. In Montreal, there were 50,000 troops in barracks — and who knows, someday Toronto, perhaps if they had been on available tonight might have been needed. It was surrounded by helicopters that permitted him to take in the scene of chaos. To his amazement he began: "That's all there is left to do."

ANGELA PETERSEN

MALFAX

Down to the sea in trouble

They were willing to put up with the brutal southern heat, the endless food and the other discomforts of living below decks in the cramped confines of a sailing ship that when Nova Scotia's headmaster, schooner, Bluenose II, made a goodwill tour of U.S. east coast ports this summer, crew members drew the line at a different kind of discomfort—barrage to take orders from a Cleveland widow who was a friend of the ship's skipper. The result was a near riot in which the crew asserted that the lady would have to go—or they would. By the time the fire cooled itself down, the widow had been ordered off the ship. Captain Ernest Hartling had been relieved of his command and the Bluenose's chief steward had resigned to protest.

The rampage was the latest in a series of episodes that have driven the ship off Bluenose's itinerary since the ship was donated to Nova Scotia for a token one dollar five years ago by Halifax's Olden Sailing

Club. When the ship visited U.S. and Canadian Great Lakes ports last summer it earned inflexible publicity over the crew's duppy behavior. The captain made it clear that this year's goodwill tour to the United States was to be different. Unlike last year, there was to be no excessive drinking, no cowboy boots worn on deck or clipped vanities on the ship's quarters, nothing but uniforms and smokes for the hundreds of women and girls expected aboard.

At first, all went well. But as the tour of discontent was heard soon after Mrs. Mary Smith, a 46-year-old mother of seven, joined the ship in Norfolk, Virginia, as a guest of 70-year-old Hartling. Officially, only women are allowed to accompany Bluenose officers when the ship is in port. But Mrs. Hartling, 74, chose to stay home in Dorchester, N.S., and Smith, who first visited the ship a year ago in Cleveland, was introduced to visitors as partner by Hartling. Hartling insists that Smith was, however, a guest who "behaved as such" and that the 63 had encouraged to invite people aboard as part of his public relations duties. Other women aboard were the wife of Chief Engineer Clyde Bellant and Maxine MacDonald, a guest of Chief Steward Gerald Forbes. Forbes' deliberate was shown the ladies, but—according to a source who was asked to give the background—Smith seemed to expect real respect. "She was the queen of all the nobles," said the source. "Whatever she wanted, she had to have, whether it was more ice for her smoothie or a special snow-

berry chocolate or something like that. She always had to be king of the castle. She bossed everyone around. Naturally the crew was very much against her." When the ship was between ports, Smith reportedly would carry a chair and her basket aft and take up station near Hartling, a very scolding who is handsome and well liked. Once the ship had up, a car would be hired and Smith and Hartling would disappear. "We didn't see them for hours, which also caused a lot of problems and movement," said the source. "At Miami, the ship had to be moved. They spotted the captain, but he wasn't there." Hartling, calling his domestic complaint, said none of the crew had ever conspired to join personally about Smith.

The friction over Smith seemed to grow like Topsy, however, and did not ease when the added two of her seven children to the visitors' roster. Her son even brought along a U.S. Air Force buddy. By then, word had trickled back to Halifax that all was not well aboard Bluenose II. Deputy Tourism Minister William Guard was sent south to sort things out and strict orders were given that only crew members were to sail aboard the ship. All the women were told to go home. Mary Smith was apparently not easily deterred. When News Scotia's Tourism Minister Maurice Delaney learned that she had been back on board, he decided on drastic action. Hartling was fired when the ship was in Philadelphia. With Captain Andrew Thomson installed as acting master, the Bluenose then sailed on to New York City, where an estimated six million people lined the shore to see the subject of old ship shows of the U.S. It was emotional. LINDA WILSON

CITIZENA

The nation's grueling business

When parliament met in 1987, the last post-Confederation deliberations by the legislature occupied only 63 days during the House of Commons and 73 days for the Senate. Since then, the list of parliamentary business has grown considerably more arduous. At the first session of the 36th parliament, scheduled to close this month, MPs were approaching a 120-day sitting (previous record 254 days) and according to Liberal House Leader Mitchell Sharp, the record showed that parliament had performed masterfully—it was a great demonstration of parliament in action. Yet as weary men broke for their summer vacation, there was a growing sense that parliament is still woefully inefficient and that further reform of its arcane rules is long overdue. In the view of Gerald Beldin, veteran of 18 years in the Commons, "There has got to be a hand to that House—no too long, it is too expensive, it is too slow, it is too inefficient. It does not do the job."

The suggestion of the Commons' non-attendance message to pass a record 102 pieces of legislation over the 119 bills introduced by the Trudeau government. Of



Sharp: time, parliament, please!

the laws passed, perhaps the most controversial was the last to go through—the government's bill to abolish hang-ups. A protracted and sometimes bitter debate between stockholders and new owners, the Commons voted to conclude an argument that has been raging since at least 1960—when a similar bill was defeated—and was passed parliament out of Commons.

On the economic front, legislation during the session included a bill to impose wage and price controls, which was passed and then amended five months later to permit explicit approval through by the Anti-Inflation Board. (The bill was sent to the Supreme Court of Canada's ruling on the constitutionality of controls.) Parliament also passed Justice Minister Ogilvie to docket oil prices and to establish Petro-Canada, the government petroleum company, a

new corporation law requiring, among other things, that a majority of board members be Canadian—a women's rights bill that took some out of federal statutes, and an improved farm insurance program to protect farmers from losses caused by food prices. Ontario also extended the age limit to cover spouses when help is needed, and provided a \$300 grant for first-time home buyers. But a number of government initiatives, proposed during the last election campaign, were either delayed for the best being or dropped. Among those were promises to establish a Canadian Petroleum Transport Corp. that would collect funds of fuel passengers, a loan guarantee program for the working poor, who often find it hard to get money from banks, and a plan to provide the beyond-of-household with the kind of warranty protection that car buyers get.

Other bills—including proposals to tighten gun laws, soften the law against multiple possession of marijuana and to establish a merchant court—remain unenforced on the order paper because there was simply not enough time. Part of the problem lies in the present parliamentary rules system which says that a bill must be debated in at least four different stages. But Beldin also blames the government for its overly rigid system of parliamentary business, which often leaves the opposition with little choice but to filibuster legislation it does not like until the government, outnumbered by the delay, agrees to start the bill in question. A rule in point was last year's bill to establish a new Compensation Act. The Times noted ready to debate the bill, but the Commons, until the government agreed to curtail filibustering, refused to start the bill in question.

"The opposition should not be able to bring the government to its knees by miking, but only by voting," argued Mitchell

Sharp, who would like to see a new rule that would permit the government to set time limits on debate for both packages of bills. Responding Tory House Leader Walter Baker: "That wouldn't be possible. What Sharp wants is a change in advance," for their part, the Conservatives would like to see a reformation of some of the power the opposition has in 1986 to withhold approval of government spending bills. But says Sharp, "we're not getting back to that."

An all-party committee of rules experts has been reviewing under Sharp's chairmanship for more than a year, but agreement on any sweeping rules changes seems unlikely in the near future. The New Democratic Party's plan to force the government's proposals aside, as did House Leader Stanley Knowles, says it, "Parliament looks bad when debate drags, and the government looks bad." But the Tories' reaction suggests an early government-sponsored rules changes. Says Conservative MP James McGrath, a member of the rules committee: "Every time the rules are changed, we get served." Sharp admits the Tories might change their approach if they would just realize that they might eventually force a government change. "One of the reasons we have not made as much progress in our rules as, say, the British," says Sharp, "is that the opposition has continued that it is a ways going to be the opposition." In the meantime, the government may go ahead with one rule change—the gradual introduction of television cameras into parliament—in the hope that that may, in turn, force other changes. "The power of the electronic media," predicts Sharp, "will force the government to do more than that of power and of numbers do not reform their institutions, they may well expect the public to reform their institutions." JAMES McGRATH

NEW WESTMINSTER

Just a death by misadventure

To Mary Stenhouse's idea of confirmation the word "accident" has been added. With that, the members of a six-man squad of armed prison guards, who shot and killed the 33-year-old prison worker during a hostage-taking incident at the British Columbia penitentiary last summer, were cleared of any blame. After deliberating for eight hours, a six-man coroner's jury at New Westminster ruled this month that the guards, some of whom had been without sleep for 30 hours at the time of the shooting, acted "in the first belief" that they were doing so "in the name of the state."

For more than a year, and through a series of legal proceedings, speculation and rumors had swirled around Stenhouse's death at the hands of the guards. Because of her passionate commitment to prison reform, the explicit suggestion had been that her views had caused her the enmity of other, less liberal prison



Beldin and Beldin: better to have and better to have a better to have an advance





Seishauer with Brauer killed by a gang; only counts had guns; orgs. 'an accident'

officer. Her death came after 15 prison workers were taken hostage by three hard-core prisoners and held for 41 terrifying hours. One of the prisoners, 35-year-old Andy Brauer—who was behind bars for killing a go-go dancer for an ounce of cocaine—stood up facing the armed guards while holding a knife to Seishauer's throat.

Previously, Brauer—who was also wounded during the incident, but survived—and another of the prisoners in the incident identified Guard Albert Hurlinger as the man whose shots killed Seishauer. Hurlinger is a big, tall man with a mustache, but one (and) he feared for his safety, Hurlinger told the inquest he was absolutely certain that he had not killed Seishauer. Only one point, Robert Okeanos, informed he might possibly have fired the fatal shot. Rather than attack Brauer to say anything, the jury pointed toward "the frustration and confusion of witnesses as to their future transfer or sentencing to the solitary confinement unit." Solitary, as precursors at the inquest, had already been established by the state. The jury recommendation that disciplinary action in the prison be made more just. The entire prison system that spawned the three hard-core convicts merited serious criticism.

Mary Seishauer's sister, Margaret Morrison, who flew from Toronto to ask questions during the inquest, was clearly disappointed in the verdict. If they found the guards had acted in the firm belief they were saving her sister's life, said Morrison, "then that is a testament to saying they were justified in killing her trying to save her. I don't see much logic in

that." She had arrived at the inquest talking about "Mary's murder" but was not talking about murder when she left. If it had turned out that her sister "had been shot deliberately, it would have taken me another year to get over it." JUDITH THORIN

EDMONTON

The emperor of the North

For the future of the Canadian Arctic, one of the crucial untested issues is just who properly owns it. Ottawa and the northern

would over really amount to anything.

As part of the emergency war effort, Canada in 1942 gave the United States permission to build a 600-mile pipeline from Norman Wells in the Northwest Territories to Whitehorse in the Yukon. The Americans spent \$15 million on the project before deciding the oil was no longer of strategic importance. Ottawa, which had firm options on buying the project, decided that it did not want it, so Washington sold it in 1947 for \$300,000 to private U.S. interests. After taking what they wanted, the U.S. firms in turn sold what was left for \$300,000 to Petroleum Sales and Equipment of Woodside, Alberta, which sold it in 1969 to Buch's company, Berthelme Enterprises, for an undisclosed sum.

The conflict now centres on just what it was Buch's bought. Canadian government officials say that he bought only the remaining rights of an abandoned pipeline. Buch's claims he also owns the oil exploration and drilling rights because, he says, Canada surrendered them to the United States as part of the pipeline project. On that basis, Buch's figures that he should have control over about one-third of the area—roughly a third of Canada—bordered by the Arctic coast and the 60th parallel. But his two attempts to file court-ordered declarations of interest against 600,000 square miles of the west were adjourned after the Territorial Supreme Court ruled that the area would have to be described as proper legal and geographical terms. The Austrian-born Buch's, a successful contractor until he emigrated to his northern dream, says he spent \$20,000 to buy some land on his claim and has given up his business and two houses to pursue it. "It's all private property," insists Buch's of the territory he seeks. "The government must have in fact given us our land." MICHAEL DOWLING



Buch's: a True North wrong and, yes, or is there a line?

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Let the games begin

A preview of the XXI Olympiad by Michael Posner

In April 1896, in the first modern reincarnation of the ancient Olympic Games, an Australian named Flack ran 1,500 metres in the spectacular time of four minutes 33.2 seconds. He won a gold medal. There was no television to cover the event, nor radio, and it was weeks before word of his achievement was printed in newspapers around the world. The Olympics are not like that anymore. Flack's once sensational time has faded into utter mediocrity, a performance any serious runner today could beat while reading *The Gulag Archipelago*. Time and anabolic steroids have conspired to treat the rest of the old records with similar contempt.

But the Olympics have changed in other ways, too. What Pierre de Frédy, Baron de Coubertin, resurrected at Athens in 1896 was a county fair compared to the extravaganzas about to be uncorked in Montreal. In 1896, there were 311 athletes from 13 nations, competing for a total audience of 60,000. Eighty years later, the Games of the XXI Olympiad have become an affair of planetary proportions, and Coubertin would probably stir in his mausoleum could he see them. Presided by the public expenditure of more than a billion dollars, the building of stadiums, velodromes, housing developments, the Olympics have grown into the world's most talked about, chronicled and photographed assembly, attended with the whisper of a royal coronation, the tension of a moon landing and the theatre of a presidential election. A real-life fantasy for cynic and aficionado alike, they have become at once the most hated and most loved event of the modern age. Hated for their indecent costs, their slav-

ish promotion of nationalism. Loved for all that is best in athletic competition—sport rendered into art by the grace of excellence.

The modern games have also altered the concept of amateurism, once the foundation of Olympic principles. Now, to talk of amateurism is to talk of semantics, or fossils. They come from Nebraska or Novosibirsk, the 9,246 athletes convened in Montreal are distinguished only by their talent and degrees of professionalism. In one form or another—scholarships, jobs, incentives, loans, travel expenses—each nation sustains its own. The subsidy is a fact of athletic life, as universal as Addax; today, the only true amateur is a Sunday golfer.

Baron Coubertin liked to repeat, a little too frequently perhaps, that winning medals wasn't the point of the Olympics. It's the participating that counts, the taking part—an agreeable sort of sentiment of the kind that turns up in books sold in stationery stores. Coubertin was wrong, of course. Winning—especially against the world's best athletes—is all that counts. "First is first and second is nowhere," British distance runner Ian Stewart said recently. "This country is full of good losers. It's bloody good winners that we want." Stewart might just as well have been speaking of Canada or West Germany or any of the 115 nations sending delegations to Montreal.

In the following pages, *Maclean's* looks at some likely winners of, and the best competitors for, the incomparable Olympic gold medal. For better or worse, for peace or anarchy, for profit or loss, the games are go.



Walker vs. Bayi: The race of the century

It will be eleven o'clock in the morning in Auckland, midnight in Dar es Salaam—and five in the afternoon in Melbourne, when New Zealand's John Walker and Tanzania's Filbert Bayi line up for the start of the men's 5,000-meter final. If a single 30-minute race may be fairly said to capture the spirit of the Olympic Games, it is this event, clearly being held in the first half of the century. At the very least, it will be the Olympic showpiece, watched by millions the world over. The graceful Bayi, quick and supple as a cheetah, the world record holder in the 5,000-meter distance (3:32.2) against Walker, an old hand of the modern school, but first and only man ever to run the full mile in less than three minutes (50 seconds) (3:49.4 in August, 1975). They have met each other five times before—Bayi winning five races. Walker first—but got in water three years and never went to much of a stake.

Under legends or politics propound the confrontation the race will be run to form. Bayi going unopposed to the front. Fastest in his career, he commenced with layback, bent elbows and knees and the occasional splash of other runners frustrated that now he is inevitably the leader, surging ahead in the early legs of a race that was once considered too casual. Now, it is much different, his competition. Walker will stay back, but will work arduous stage. "The man doing what's wrong against Bayi is making sure you're with him with 400 meters to go," he says. "He pushes around me but because he holds on so long I think they can't catch

him. To beat him and his record, I can't chase him. I'm going to have to follow him, and then surpass him at the finish. That's a big difference between chasing and following."

Most of the world's fans have given up chasing either man. Bayi's front-running tactics and Walker's powerful finishing kick have revolutionized the race. Some runners have recognized their inability to win at the pace Bayi and Walker set and have moved up to the 5,000 meters where the odds are more favorable. This strategy, at times, has pushed former 5,000-meter specialists into the 3,000 meters and turned 40,000-meter competitors into marathoners. The whole spectrum of world track has been altered by two men it would be hard to find two more dissimilar individuals. John Walker was raised on a 150-acre farm in Blenheim on South Auckland and spent his formative years pursuing cows and chickens. When he was 26, a virginal unknown, his race was secretly entered by a friend in the New Zealand All-England Olympic trial, his last in what was then his first season. Walker was and was not left off the team that went to Munich. After that, he devoted himself to track with passion, anxious never to be pushed out again. An unopposed career with an educated eye for the ladies (Ogden, a good friend, once asked him about a track meet in Toronto: "A great party," winked Walker, "with lots of pretty girls") and a specific forbear (Sweden's a damper after his second loss in Gärdsberg, Sweden, last year), Walker has been

known to spend the night before an important race doing the yards in some trendy neighborhood. "I just want the sort of life my 34-year-old wants to lead," he says.

At six feet one inch, one of the tallest of the world's competitive males, he has the square-jawed largeness of Kirk Douglas. He is rather drowsy, not dissimilar to deep. He knows exactly what he wants, and usually finds a way to get it.

Walker Filbert Bayi is prepared to accommodate Walker's most passage was a altogether another matter. Bayi (the track trial name is Filbert) was open in early years chasing animals, but during the trials he and Bayi whose father died before he was born, grew up in a small village of Kaituma, 150 miles from Mount Kenya. The area was a wildlife refuge, for Bayi, dogged leopard "I had to throw stones at one once. The worst I saw I went home." Trilingual—he speaks Kikuyu, his native tongue, Swahili and fluent English, he moved at age 17 to Dar es Salaam, Tanzania's dairy capital city, where he is now an air force administrative officer, rising at 5 a.m. to run five miles before the morning equatorial sun commences its daily onslaught. Later, in the city's National Stadium, on an irregularly shaped track that American journalist Kevyn Moore calls "fairly the worst in the world," he broke several world records in the mile, 400 meters and 800 meters, then walking and jogging, then another 400 at 55 seconds, minus jogging another 400 at 50 seconds and 800 at 48 seconds. All this, on the track, so graceful so fast, that he almost appears not to be running at all, the little beads of sweat glimmering like pearls on his long shapely limbs. Some runners shudder, others smile. Bayi jogs runs, like a runner, his arms and legs working together in perfect harmony. Walker says of him: "He's a natural."

Bayi works hard at being a natural, sleeping for 10 minutes every afternoon, rarely training for the night after night, never smoking, never drinking, never accepting the less than subtle offers of track groupies around the world. While free time he has is spent with his family. Anna, and that one-year-old son, a football arrangement that is irrelevant. Although society is viewed with about as much conviction as the discovery of a corn peddler. "We were supposed to have been married last August but my fiancée got pregnant and we had to put it off." Naturally training lapses occur when he is a student with romance, which he catches the way most North American pitch girls. The antithesis of Walker, he holds much in reserve. Those who know him best say he is in charge of the clock on the track, really doing it himself in all. He will not say how he will run on July 31, only that he will run. "Go as fast as you can for as far as you can," that is his



Flamboyant high jumper Dwight Stinson over-takes and rising

philosophy. "When we were children, we were always racing, racing into the village to beat the cows. It wasn't like walking, it was like running."

Dwight Stinson: jump high, talk big In the busy miles of American track and field he is known as the Tower of Babel, a six-foot five-inch monument of self-love. Given the opportunity, it is said he could eat 2,000 or 3,000 raw eggs with one hand without ever coming up for air.

But Dwight Stinson, the star of his fellow jumpers, refers to his two legs and a mouth, as he is 22 indisputably the world's best high jumper—ever. Three weeks before his country's local track championships in Pennsylvania, Stinson was asked for a quote that might help sell a five-dollar Heinek "Toll" folk. He planned to oblige "I will make the world's best high jumper." Since he had already failed to break that record in 40 consecutive attempts, the likelihood of his doing so in Pennsylvania was regarded with some skepticism. But 21 days later, his first for Pennsylvania succeeded only by a margin at the mile. Stinson hit his mark, leaping seven feet seven inches. "It all came singular. I felt stronger than ever before, faster than at any time in my life. My coach told me 'My physiology had got suddenly I could look at seven seven and jump.'"

That, at the Stinson style—flamboyant, arrogant and misanthropic. Those who take offense, he says, should consider themselves fortunate that he's around. "I'm no longer the moving 15-year-old kid I was at Munich. He changed me." Even his critics, as numerous as the Egyptians are upon "That's right," says a "Now he's

loving to dominate the Olympics and completely that second place is four inches behind me. I'd like to jump seven feet."

The marathon and Frank Shorter Legend reminds that a Greek named Philopides had the 10 Dorians to run a century's first marathon. In the year 900 B.C., he ran 26 miles to join battle against the invading Persians. Another 24 miles to report news of the victory, and then he dropped dead. The marathon has changed in many, but not much. At 26 mi, 385 yards, it is still the Olympic Games' most grueling test, a race demanding as much of the mind as it does of the body. One former runner describes it as two hours of pain and 100 minutes of pure torture. At nearly every point, the impulse to stop is compelling. Cramped by cramps, blisters, blinding heat, hypoglycemia (sugar deprivation) many obey that instruction. The wonder is that some don't.

Medical science says the average man's body can produce 2,000 calories for energy consumption, running consumes about 100 calories a mile. After 30 miles, therefore, the body's stock of sugar is sold out. The last calories are forced by will power alone. Inexplicably, the Greek word for an event of this kind was agape. To run a marathon is to be other very compassionate or very dumb. "Everybody's sort of leaves," says American marathoner Frank Shorter. "You can almost feel it draining away—it's like a sort of self-destruction, then it's strength and speed and endurance. You begin to get a little fever and you're trying to push yourself to keep going. It's a little bit more of a certain effort and pace."

Even the best marathon runner experiences these afflictions. Competing in



Sprinter Ronald Shriver, can she repeat his Munich performance in Moscow?



John Walker (left) and Filbert Bayi, the technique against the clock



England's Olympic trials in May, Ian Thompson—described by many the finest sprinter in the world—faded badly in the last few miles and finished seventh, raising suspicion to the British Olympic team. "I could see no way of failing to beat the top three," Thompson said later. "It shows how foolish you can be thinking you're invincible." In Thompson's absence, the sprinter at Montreal's legions belongs to Marshall-born Shorter, who won the race in the city of his birth in 1973, although he may face stiff competition from Finland's Lasse Viren, winner of both the 5,000- and 10,000-meter events in Munich.

Australia's underdog, Doug Clarke, fellow American Bill Radgen, winner of the 1973 Boston Marathon and holder of the U.S. record (two hours, nine minutes 55 seconds) and Canada's Jacqui Dryden, from Toronto, who has run a 2:30.8.

Shorter, a 18 1/2-inch-tall, stocky, shrewd, runs 125 miles a week, up and down the precipitous slopes of Boulder, Colorado. Apart from a month's recuperation from a broken foot three years ago, he has missed but three 14 days of training in seven years. I think consistency is important. I don't kill myself every day, but I go pretty near my limit. There's no secret. You just go in and do it all the time. I imagine there are a lot of people who, if they were to go out and do it all the time, would be better than I am. But maybe that's where I have an advantage. For some reason, I don't see it that much of a burden to go out and train every day.

The marathon is an unusual race. There aren't no hurdles, no water holes, no special techniques. "It's a basic race," says Shorter. "You just go out there and run like crazy. That's all there is to it. And if you run hard enough and fast enough you win. That's why I like it. They teach the gun and the gun then gets there first win." It is not quite that simple, of course. Sometimes about the middle of the race, for example, Shorter likes to run a half mile in about 45 minutes, compared to the standard 50-minute-a-mile pace. To stay close, his pace must be rather low. The day after the

marathon, making grave consequences in the final stages or maintain their own pace. Shorter will fail. He will not. He has you to lose a marathon that he's entered.

Great moments in track and field
Walter Byr, Shorter and Jones will start tonight in Montreal, but the action in the wings may win a few times for drama as well. All lead one should go 25-year-old American discus thrower Maurice "Mac" Williams (1st last four miles, 265 pounds), who three times in his past three months has established world records, including a 232-foot six-inch throw—almost 20 feet farther than the existing Olympic record. He says all four discs were flawed—technically imperfect. "After a perfect throw you feel, 'Hell if I could have put a little more effort into it, it would have gone further.' So you try harder on your next throw and you know your timing off. You have to try not to throw too hard to hit the perfect one." The last time Williams had a perfect throw, the discus flew only 217 feet. So much for technique.

The emergence of Williams, a high-school social sciences teacher in Eugene, Oregon, as the world's premier discus thrower has attracted some people but not East Germany's discus legend, 33-year-old Wolfgang Schmidt. "Mac's 20-inch throws were no contest effort," says Schmidt, who of course is injured. He and Williams are good friends having spent several nights together penning the ethnic schism of West Germany. On such occasions Schmidt always accompanied by a 50-year-old chipmunk whose function is to ensure that he conducts himself with suitable decorum—and, more to the point, that he doesn't defect. The hovering presence of the discus, East German's watching, however, fails to deter the two discs thrown. On one occasion, they kept a Cologne discusgrip open until 3 a.m., returned to their hotel flying fatigue-sapped the guard—then returned to more agreeable company. Their chipmunk is

Mercedes will include Williams' teammate John Powell, for whom Williams has no love ("John Powell is an ass and I have to beat him"), Czechoslovak discus thrower Ladislav Danek, winner of the gold medal at Munich, and two Finns—Pekka Kahkonen and Markku Törmä.

Considerable attention will also be paid to the Olympic 100- and 200-meter sprint. Until the U.S. Olympic trials last month, American Steve Williams was heavily favored, having already tied the world record (9.9) four times and beaten his probable Olympic competitors on several occasions. He even talked confidently of being the first man ever to win four Olympic golds—in the 100-, 200-, 400- and 800-meter events. But Williams won't even be in Montreal. Competing in the U.S. trials, he pulled a hamstring muscle 80 yards into the second event and finished sixth, failing to qualify. Under the U.S. selection system, all that counts is your performance at the trials: everything else is minor. Without Williams, the sprinters are in open season. Russia's Valery Borov, winner of the gold medal in both the 100- and 200 events at Munich, is apparently healthy and in top form. (He too pulled a muscle a few months ago.) American high-school student Herman McTeer, who has tied the world mark in the mile in 1981—largely because of his impoverished origins. One of eight children, he grew up in a squallid wood shack 200 yards from the Fleming Sawmill Co. in Milligan, Florida, where his father owns a 40-ft 6-in. 65-hp work for \$400 a month. "I have a car there," McTeer says, pointing to the noble smoky rising from the mill chimney. "I've never gone to work over there. That's why I'm rich." Gotta keep going faster. Got to get out of this place." McTeer's brother, former college football player Will Wimbush, says "the only thing that can keep Herman from winning at Montreal is a broken leg." Maybe, but Borov, Cuba's beloved Leonard, Jamaica's Don Quarm, and Auburn University freshman Harvey Glance (who also shares the world record) may have something to say about that.



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The First Voyage of the Nonsuch, 1688

Ender & Company: East Germany's wonders of the water

From time to time, the Olympics have seen the emergence of nations uniquely skilled in specific sports—Bulgarian weight lifters, Kenyan runners, Hungarian fencers. To that list the Montreal games will almost certainly add the East German women's swimming team—the first collective and individual example of subtle brilliance to be found anywhere. Different at everything, the East Germans make swimming studies with special precision. While last month's Olympic trials in East Berlin were over, the muscular brigade of Kerstin Ender, Bärbel Thiele, Ulrike Taubitz, Barbara Krause, Angela Sasse and Cornelia Nibbeling had shattered 12 world records. Superlatives of course are always suspect. The wonder mix of the Munich games, Mark Spitz, who gave up century for showbiz and was never heard from again, is a distant best compared to history, not to this new world records holder. Future generations will be equally astounded by the East German women, but for the moment no one can touch them. Not the Americans, who won more than half the swimming medals at Munich. Not the Aussies, long considered the world's second strongest swimmers. Not the Canadians, at present a young team crowned with this swimming accolade—considerable potential.

The East German nationality—in swimming as in track and field—is in evidence in the realm of a philosophy that sees a direct relationship between political prattle and medals earned. In 1988 at Mexico City, East Germany won 25 medals: six gold, nine silver, seven bronze. In



American Shirley Babashoff (left) and super-swimmer Kerstin Ender

1972 at Munich, it won 16 medals: 20 gold, 22 silver, 22 bronze. And if the performance of medal winners are any indication, the East Germans will continue their fiscal assault on the medal counts at Montreal, thinking world class competitors in virtually every Olympic discipline try harder to coast. Whatever needs to be

done to win those medals is done. Whatever needs to be spent is spent. Support for "physical culture" is embedded in the GDR constitution. The East Germans are not necessarily better athletes, just more committed. Or so it seems. Some people would argue that if you're a coach of elite West German athletes who now reside in East Berlin, football, baseball, golf or tennis were to devote their considerable physical gifts to Olympic competitors in the pool, no medals would be equally impressive. Imagine, for example, Bobby Orr in the 300-meter freestyle. Or a Swimmer at the decathlon. Pate Rose in steeple jumping. Could they be anything but gold medalists? Many people would like to think not.

The East Germans are suspected of finding strength-building athletic steroids to their athletes like so much Wasser schokolade. Three weeks before the Olympics, the pill-taking stops, no traces are ever discovered in the now routine urine sampling. But if the charge is valid, it is equally hypocritical. Canadian coaches concede privately that their own athletes—and presumably those of other Western nations—are also familiar with the steroid landscape. The pill diet is no longer considered a bugle, just part of the regimen, like weight training or distance training. The East German's inherently dry allegations of chemical chicanery, withholding their access to full-fledged study of the American. "Everybody wants to know our secret," says one women's coach, Rüdiger Schramme. "But we have no secret. For years we watched the Americans, learned

from the Americans and now they ask what our secret is." Still, suspicions linger. In the wake of last month's scandalizing world record lists, the questions were surfacing again. "It'd be like to see them repeat those times in Montreal," said Derek Seelinger. Canada's Olympic swim coach. "It's strange how the only world records they ever break are broken inside East Germany." But it is "futile," pleads Schramme, "the conspiracy, food, the drugs and crowd of East Berlin are more conducive to an East German swimmer than the surroundings, food, language and crowd of Montreal." To which the skeptics reply: "Making success thereby."

A more likely explanation for the East German swimming miracle can probably be found in the country's vast, state-funded sports network. In a nation of only 17 million, one in every seven—about 2.5 million—belongs to the German Gymnastics and Sports Federation, an umbrella organization embracing 90,000 separate sports clubs, each sponsored by the army or industry or university. To nurture its youth, the state also sponsors a biannual Sportsweek, a kind of national junior Olympics featuring 20 Olympic sports. Some 10,000 elite male and female swimmers met in the last one. If there are any potential Kowalskis in the field, the East Germans will find them.

Where are my new Kerstin Ender's to be found, the Americans, Aussies and Canadian women might ponderously consider another sport. The fastest female swimmer in history, Ender, at 17, is the sole proprietor of four world records—all swims. (If that cat woman have a weakness, it's the distance events.) Inder could set old records like the 1,600-meter in the 100-meter backstroke, a swimmer (three women better than Nancy Greenup's best) at 10:10 mark—almost by accident. "I was looking for a distance in which I could benefit, rather than any pressure to win, so I went for the backstroke at 10:10. It helped me keep my balance. It's a big advantage for me to go into a race as an outsider." Ender also established three new butterfly standards, including a 1:58.16 in the 200 meters—making her the first woman to break the two-minute barrier. Says teammate Barbara Krause, who placed six in a row—a remarkable feat in swimming—off the starting 400-meter freestyle record. "Kerstin has the ability to concentrate before important events. She is always at top shape when she needs it." At five feet 11 inches and 190 pounds, she is a shape that discourages rivals. The daughter of an army officer in the People's Army, Ender lives with her parents in Berlin. Ender, a freestyle swimmer, swam on her world travels, pushed her confidence of medals—now numbering more than 100—and is assigned to East Germany's veteran backstroke, Roland Matthes, whose appearance at Montreal heightens an uncertainty from a strong apprehension. Winner of two gold medals at both Mos-

cuch and Mexico City, Matthes 25, the oldest Olympic swimmer—has long been the lone defender of the east men's freestyle. He will have some help at Montreal from butterfly specialist Rainer Piehl (who held record holder in the 200 meters), but as in other sports—overall, the east men account for only one third of the men's medal victories—the east men are left behind the record-breaking performance of the underdogers. (The reason is the same in East Germany as they are in Canada: men's physical peaks come three to five years later than women's but, lured by opportunities elsewhere, don't remain competitive. Matthes and Vancouver's Bruce Robertson, 33, are the latest exceptions.) Confident of his ability to come back, Matthes says, "You always have to fight. Nothing unusual. My dad. Years ago, I had to fight in order to get fast times. But it isn't getting any easier. You have to face the fact that the others are getting stronger."

The obvious outside American college junior John Naber, 20, the first swimmer to beat Matthes in more than seven years (at a 1974 California meet). With the status of trainee Tim Shaw's injured shoulder in doubt, Naber may be the United States' best bet to capture a plurality of medals in the men's events. Shirley Babashoff will lead the U.S. women to a half dozen or more medals of their own. If Naber wins, he will probably win at a good deal of the credit in terms, who occupies a place close to his fundamentalist heart. The two best-known to-day coaches in proper before and after races and once concluded a national TV interview with an impassioned "Phone Naber. Having him in my heart gives me

Somebody to share my wins and losses with."

The likelihood that Naber's failure at the medal ceremonies with a number of other Americans—specifically freestyle swimmer Jim Montgomery and Steve Hansen—member John Hansen and distance freestyle swimmer John Hansen, who last month recorded world bests in the 800 meters (2:35.06) and 1,500 meters (4:08.08). The Olympic 1,500 race may carry its own drama as the John Walker-Elliott Bay confrontation is track and field. At the 1971 Olympics in Stockholm, the winning time for that event was 22 minutes—a (then) world record for Canada's George Boudreau. Sixty years later, in Munich, the winning time was 13:35.38. In the past year alone, it must a mark has been shaved off the 1,500-meter record. The pressure on the same race of Gosselin and Australia's Stephen Haddock, who first learned to swim by correspondence, after the almost possibility of history's first sub-15-minute 1,500—a prize once regarded as simply unreachable.

The Canadian men's team led by Edmonton's Graham Smith (browns), Vancouver's Steve Palko (black), and Toronto's and Bruce Robertson (black) will lead almost certainly win some medals. As many as the Canadian women, Montreal's Anne Jordan, Vancouver's Carl Amundrud, Toronto's Jay's Anne, Bait's Haddock's Nancy Greenup, Edmonton's Cheryl Gibson and half a dozen others to pressure the Olympic Canada Olympic entry ever before. Were not for the hegemony of Ender and the East Germans, the Canadians might speak reality of gold.



Tim Shaw of the U.S.A. (left) and East Germany's Kerstin Ender following the 100-meter



Swimmer's Ulrike Taubitz: favored to win the gold medal for diving

The magnificent ladies of the bars

It is hard to believe she is already 38, that four years have passed since Olga Korbut first and forever seized the love of the world. She had danced around the mat at Munich's Sportpalast a complete unknown, and in a matter of minutes had become the most popular gymnast in history. Her performance at the Munich bars had been the stuff of legend, both brilliant and newsworthy, including Russian expression of overhead movements and elementary movements (especially the backflip). The judges gave her 7.5—out of 10—a poor mark by international standards. She had failed. No one felt it more deeply than Korbut herself. Before the eyes of millions in the stands and from the air of NBC's Jim McKay, she cried. She was an instant hero.

Olga Korbut is no longer a teen-ager. She wears eye liner and Russian perfume and Western shoes. She has moved from the apartment she once shared with her parents in Gerasimov, 500 miles west of Moscow, near the Polish border, to her own flat. She drives her own car (a Zkagat, a Russian-made Fiat) and owns a television set (over \$125 a month). In the years since Munich, success paying Soviet gymnasts on tour through each region of continents in Moscow and Chicago, she has become a woman of the world and the most westernized of all Soviet children. In the process, she has given gymnastics a new, revitalized identity. What North American children previously regarded as 30 minutes of western television is now a chance to perform—in their fantasies—for the delectable audiences from Moscow to Moscow. And the end of Korbut there.

Ironically, Korbut herself used to have used of gymnastics and longed to launch a new career on the stage and in film. That is funny, because Korbut is already an actress, and her performance on the balance beam or bars are already dramatic. Almost cultic in effect, she evokes tears and laughter, sorrow and delight, the double-edged blade of human emotion. When she leaps without warning into a dismount, new emotion—she did it repeatedly at Munich—she draws a full-throated snarl from 10,000 voices, spontaneously recognizing that what they have seen not only defies gymnastic convention but is an act of courage. That the emotion is false is immaterial. It makes her more vulnerable and therefore more lovable.

There is a school of thought, not without influence, that regards Korbut's movements as mere acrobatics. Gymnastics is not a circus, those in positions are not performers. The character of any performance—its form, line and grace—is as important as the movement itself. Without the personality, the stage is incomplete. With Korbut, her criticism, there is more without geometry, style is less of technique. Her form, of course, is elegant. For that, she



Romanova's Communist party and Korbut of the U.S.S.R. is a Blackfoot rivalry

is no stranger to a Lion Club convention—an integrity. "If you are generous and honest, you get a medal and everyone is happy," she says. "Try something new and someone is there to point out the faults."

Korbut's courage, adversary, of the last competition, is testament to Ljudmila Tsurakova, champion, intelligent and by the acknowledgment of judges, perhaps the best western gymnast of the decade. Olga Korbut and Tsurakova tolerated each other's differences, remaining civilly cool. Now even polite civilities have been abandoned, replaced by unbridled animosity, they do not speak. There is a classic rivalry of the decade. Korbut the sporting, elegant, elegant, gracefully play someone else, she will be the star or nothing. "I want people to love me," she says. "I want the love of the public and I fight for it." Tsurakova, 24, the reigning prime, cannot shake Korbut's influence—nor accept that for all her talent and awards (including Best Soviet Sportsman of 1974), it is Korbut the crowd-pleaser and winner and who, during Soviet appearances in Boston, New York, Atlanta, is introduced last in the lineup, legend, Olympic. Asked to assess those gymnasts who oppose her, Korbut will rattle off the names of Romanova's Nadia Comaneci and her Russian teammates—passively ignoring the achievements of Tsurakova. The latter, who still shares an apartment with her parents in Krasnoyarsk on the Black Sea, is more direct. "I think a sportsman should concentrate on winning," she says.

"Maybe Olga has other aims."

At Montreal, however, both will share the same aim—the gold medal—and both have been blessed with three respective trainers for months, reportedly developing new routines for the games. In two, they will have to beat Romanova's own gymnastics, the wonderful, 14-year-old Nadia Comaneci. If Korbut is the inconsistent artist and Tsurakova the disciplined athlete, Comaneci is the consummate technician. Her work is flawless. She can tolerate a routine as the stars team with a level of perfection that impresses even male gymnasts, who make a special point of analyzing her form. Korbut, they wish for entertainment, not for the unadorned element of surprise. The question is not whether she will succeed, but how—and in what way. At Comaneci they can only marvel. She is a master at complete control. It is the difference between a Berlioz and a Stravinsky. "Nadia might even score a perfect 10 at Montreal," says Carol Anne Erdmann, research industrial committee chairman of the Canadian Gymnastics Federation. "She'll easily get 9.5 and 9.5 because she's phenomenal, the perfect gymnast technically. If she lacks anything, it's in style and femininity."

Comaneci's gymnastic leaps are slight. The Canadian women have shown dramatic improvement in recently years and led by 11-year-old Kelly Mowbray are expected to make a respectable showing. They are confident and increasingly confident, but they cannot yet match the confidence of Comaneci or the artistry of Korbut.

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Jocelyn Lovell, all by himself

The lone-wolf comparison to the Olympic postcard is the one I admire and individual cycling time trial. There are no two competitors on the track at the same time. Just a race against the clock, for a period of just under 30 seconds. It demands absolute, full-throttle commitment. That is a race for the passionate, appealing most to those who seek walking to endure long hours of silence and solitary confinement. As such, it is an appropriate tribute for Isabella Lovell, Canada's premier cyclist and the only Canadian with even a long-shot chance at an Olympic medal medal.

Levelled in no life outside of cycling. He lives alone, in a small, sparsely furnished basement apartment in suburban Toronto. The window of his bike rack is to his left, draped in racks and wheels and frames—overlooks Lake Ontario, he likes to say. His bike rack is against the wall, the window of his bike rack is to his left. He is a man of few words, no psychological—having always believed that he alone was qualified to notice mountains and understand himself. He holds no job, is not married, claims few friends. His light brown hair is cropped short like a man's. He wears a single gold earring in his left ear. His body is lean and taut, but his legs are short, like one of those "Cycling is for the young," he says, as he stands on the front crossbar, his chest heaving. When you see him pedalling, riding easily and cleanly, every day, you find out

who you are. I've heard there is another life after customs. Maybe one day I'll find it."

Long periods of solitude made Los Angeles miserable. They have made Los Angeles livable. How? In the rebel precinct—Arroyo, held, albeit, at gunpoint. In August 1968, having finished seventh at the Mexican Olympics, he flew to Greece, Constantinople, for the World Cycling Championships. Unintentionally, it was the day of the anniversary of the Soviet invasion. There were demonstrations, and Lovell, wearing a tricolored jacket supporting the protest, was arrested, jailed and subsequently released. The experience at once turned mad and returned him. After three, his Wileynville high school seemed stifling. Unable to make the starting postman on a football team, the seventh medal cyclist in the world, faded physical education teacher Lovell was a "faded" teacher. "How could I not be in those plastic chairs?" He sits more in the middle of Broken the end of their own world.

He turned to the one thing he knew and requested—*the bicycle—fencing*, his original sport in Europe: the masses of cycling, by mixed means. “I convinced I cheated. I worked to add jobs. I’d buy cycling clothing wholesale in Europe and sell it for three times the price back here.” In 1973, training with the Canadian team in France, Lowell—promoter as ever—suits a 30-cent box of socks as from the post.

new pantry. A teammate turned him in. He was suspended for an month. "I felt as if my whole life had ended. They were preventing me from doing what I liked best."

He flew to Holland and entered professional, lured by promises of big money. Steered by the pro boxer's diet of supplements and steroids, he lasted several days. Now, three years and thousands of training miles later, Lovell is back—read 88 lb on the scale as his event in 1975, a winner of the Pan-Am gold medal last summer, refused to become an Olympic contender. He is still quick and strong, but in 26 trials he has lost 100 pounds of muscle mass. "I've lost my strength," Lovell says. "Thinking is clear, I can feel my leg heat or my muscles move. I may not have a lot but I do have my body. They can't take away my body, my muscles and my happiness. At long as I have them I am happy."

Love it. I don't willingly settle for silver or bronze. He wants gold. Hounded by a sense of impending loss, he says "It is something nobody can take away from you. You can lose your house or your car anytime. With the gold, out of the billions of people on this planet, you know you are the best. There are none faster. I've known one said 'A lot of people go through life after knowing defeat and never knowing victory.' I've known both. If I quit now, I'd never know if I could have been the best."

"Again in fact, the British novelist Ian McEwan (whose latest book, *Sunrise*, is the only universal language") An even statement, admittedly, but not far off the mark. The game North Americans know as soccer is the world's most popular sport. Some 800 million people—one-quarter of the earth's population—watched the televised conclusion of the 1974 World Cup in South America, where raucous crowds of 100,000 at most routinely join the stadium's referee's decisions in a bid to influence the game. Soccer has become a political tool. And there are those who envision a world in which the English language, the 1952 challenge match lost to Hungary at Wembley Stadium—a defeat that suggested the decline of British supremacy on the soccer pitch—

Today, the Soviet bloc countries—Poland, East Germany, Hungary—and the Russians themselves demand what passes for international amateur competition (in the six Olympics since 1952, only five non-Communist nations have won medals). But in international soccer like hockey, basketball is a shadowy charade. The named professionals of Brazil, Hun-

Jack

Soviet bloc soccer



East Germany vs. Poland: amateurs

side. With the best 15,000 players in the country are a subcategory professional—and in Brazil—it becomes quite a challenge to find an amateur squad of any quality. Recently, however, some non-Communist coaches have taken advantage of a loophole in the international rule book (Brazil players cannot officially train professionally until age 21; those under 21, while playing in professional leagues, must therefore still be amateurs—and eligible for Olympic competition.)



East Germany vs. Poland, 1974

Not surprisingly, Poland, East Germany, Russia and Hungary may be reliably expected to contribute for Olympic medals. The Poles depended heavily on Gregor Lutz, possibly the fastest jumper in the game and an adult score (seven points) in the 1974 World Cup. The Russians—who led for third in Munich—lost monster Wigger Oleg Blizhenko, the current European Featherball of the Year (for Poland, determined by a poll of sportsmen in the Soviet Union), who lost a vote—*is gone* in the game's best player/prospect award. As for Canada, the team is strong, used and experienced—but hardly winning combination in international matches.

Jack's boys: shooting for a bronze



U.S.A. vs U.S.S.R.: the danger to Israel

har's starting line are good enough to play pro basketball right now. Great Bill Robinson, whose finesse and court poise on the court have been likened to Bobby Orr's of the ice, made the All-American team three consecutive years playing for Simon Fraser University. Robinson and captain Phil Folynowski have had two seasons. But that still does not account for the emergence of a winner Jack Donaghy does. He won one basketball youth, he would be an evangelist. He makes a statement, delivered in front of his members, but he doesn't make it. Many athletes work. He has formed his collection of wayward players who stand on time between, followers of the second dream.

If Combs is to win a medal in the World Cup, it will have to be after either the Russians, led by first-foot 65-inch sheepbusting underdog Alexander Babin, who has already won down a \$500,000 offer to play pro ball in the United States, and veteran Sergei Belov (one relation), retired as the most charismatic figure in the Soviet game; or the surprisingly doubleless Indians, or the college-student Americans from the United States, led by the 6'10" 250-lb. "Big Red" Doug Dugan, brother of the "Big Red" of the NFL, or the 6'10" 250-lb. "Big Red" Doug Dugan, brother of the "Big Red" of the NFL, or the 6'10" 250-lb. "Big Red" Doug Dugan, brother of the "Big Red" of the NFL.

every major competitor it will face in Montreal. They have spent 40 months ramping up and down versions of lacquer-mapped wood in 20 or more scenarios—laying behind each mandate concerns: virus, flu, fire, job, and education. The heavy steps in swivel hotel rooms are contrasted potpourri meals all for the sake of Canada's First Olympic bankers model in 40 years.

Pete still has had much to do with the transformation. At least that of Don



Canada's Lovell "I've heard there's another life after cycling. Maybe one day I'll find it."

Among my myriad books on display in the Ottawa home of Jack Donaghy is a 206-page tome entitled *All I Know About Bush*. It was written by Jack Donaghy. All the pages are blank. This is Donaghy's notion of a good joke, although the truth is that Donaghy has forgotten more about the genre of bookmaking than most of us. He has a sense of humor, but he doesn't seem to have a few things in mind with the developing plot of one *Karen* Abalos-Felber, aka known as *Law Abode*, who known as the most talented player ever to jump for air was released. Donaghy coached football at a 16-year-old prodigy at Power Macintosh High School in New York City. Later he coached basketball at Holy Cross University and then coached basketball at the University of Connecticut. Donaghy is a former coach's administrator, Holy Cross was 96-23 in basketball during his tenure.

All of this would be interesting but irrelevant were it not that in 1972 the same Jack Donaghy was named coach of Canada's national men's basketball team, a team so absolutely ripe that it failed to qualify for the 1972 Olympics. Now, four years later the Donaghy era, the national men's basketball team is a legitimate contender for an Olympic medal. The 1976 Olympic assembly of unemployed middle-class men, women and basketball bums, a squad with more hair than height (few players are less than six feet), has beaten the Soviet Union (winner of the gold medal at Munich), Yugoslavia, Cuba, Japan and various U.S. college teams—virtually

The unavoidable and Vasili Alexeev

It could be as firm as Leningrad live-poor or a high-ranking line of Russian hockey players. Indeed, Bonk, Plachkov and Almazov are the names of the three strongest men in the world—after heavyweight weight lifters, each capable of heaving 500 or more pounds over his head. One can take a kilo or two, 300 pounds is the weight of two family-size Canadian Football League linemen, but the weight of three 10-calorie Diet Westphalian delicatessens. It is the weight of a young beehive with an undisciplined appetite. Bonk, Plachkov and Almazov would sit around a 100-pound

[illegible]

Super heavyweight Almanzo gathered at Wanda's and a champagne toast, but his

Commons black flycatcher male with allgedly only two current counterparts world record holder, Koy Maki of Japan and M. Nissan of Iran, live beyond the Iran-Czech border. On a single day (the spring Plushkin and his fellow Bulgarians caught each other world records in either the clean and pink (a two-stage lift), the search (a commoner routine lift) or the controlled weight lift. Plushkin himself earned the world weight-lifting community—and presumably Miesner—by hoisting a controlled weight of 440 kilograms (975.5 pounds). Maki pounds more than the Russian's personal world mark.

Weightlifting in the Olympics' most fre-

damental sport. The monkey is neither the clock (though it is most perfect of the clock) nor the lever (though it is most perfect of the lever), nor a phalanx of judges with a well-braced group of modulators of justice. It is not the weight, a length of chain, a pulley, a block, by which it can be used. It is neither a lever nor a pulley. The clean and jerk allows no compromise. Either the man is moved or he is not. Either the lifter is strong enough or he is not. Always, addressing himself to that shoddy little sign "S". As the weight is greater, the more the mind makes the weight seem to be. But in Shaolin we need what can't be moved or avoided. That is how it is when I lift. To successfully lift the weight, it must be avoided."

Teofilo goes for two

The wily Russian concedes "picking and choosing"—the male, no doubt, of his outstage. He owns a devastatingly good soul, left only slightly less brilliant. Not so, possibly fair, he is constitutionally inefficient male—quick enough to get in, to combat the damage and get out again before being hit, possibly, on a clean, solid, appropriate just in time. He is, however, a roughly toiled to Oldham. His neck band contains the banding of an adolescent elephant—dark and tall growing. At six feet five inches and 225 pounds, heavy-weight boxer Tullie Stevenson comes close to being the most popular man in all of Cuba, ranking well ahead of Fidel Castro and only slightly behind men and female stars like the Russian.

He remains the old-school favorite to win the next world in Moscow.

Unharmed and then only 23, Sarver was tossed up in Missouri in 1932, de-



Chile's Silverware: what price level?

arrived in "United States" citizenship when hope, Deane Bebeck, in a perhaps truly bold and unprecedented use of the word credit. With the growing interest of the honey the promoters promptly descended, offering him a million dollars and if the sugar case he could carry to the professional. He demurred, happy to remain in Havana. The promoters thought. Survivors were playing hard to get, not wanting a case whose ethical principles could not be bent, not too much manna, but by dollar bill. He was aware of just how rich Mexico said. Ah, but become? "He was not" when a million dollars against eight million. Cabbage who love me?" he asked. Lacking a satisfactory escort, the promoters departed.

Now, four years later, Savranson is back, determined to become the first heavy-weight and only the fourth boxer in Olympic history ever to win consecutive gold

modest. His principal obstacle—if he survives the Russian qualifying tournament—will be Igor Vysotsky, short (5-foot-6), 110 pounds, but powerful, who has twice floored the Cuban in recent exhibition matches. In a single three-round encounter, Vysotsky is said to be a convincing opponent, but there is some doubt that he can survive the punishment of an Olympic tournament, requiring several bouts in a period of days; the Russians drop in heavyweight, may send Boris Ivacev, armed with what is said to be a lethal right cross, instead.

The dark horse contender in the Harvey weight division is America's John Tate, a broad-shouldered, black-headed slagger whose facial expression rears the game from mere to awe-struck. Big John, as he is called, has been and will be a force to be reckoned with. He is 34, weighs 164 pounds and has 212 pounds of muscle in him to poke fear in its indigestible. Tate brooded through last month's Olympic trials, outwrestling countryman Michael Doleak (who has been very visibly and very manfully outwrestled) and then going on to defeat the Russian (and sure pro) and Marvinia Stankov (who we are asked to believe served as a sparring partner for Joe Frazier and Jimmy Young without payment). Tate is managed by Colonel Ace Miller, who found him in a backwoods town in the middle of the South where he was raised, brought him to the radio mic and said "Everybody laugh at us! The Miller recalls they said he was big dumb and slow. They said no right. Big John knocked out the Polish champion." No—no mistakes for it was Miller, not Tate, who said it with a vengeance.

In other weight categories, Soviet, Cuban and Bulgarian boxers are expected to lead the medals collections. In the 1974 World championships, 16 of 22 boxers on the final roster either Russian or Cuban (the latter grabbed six of eight golds). Their success is less a function of talent than of the sports system in place. The Soviet Union's sports system averages of four years longer than Western boxes, for whom the financial incentive of turning professional is compelling. The one exception to this Eastern domination should be American lightweight Super Ray Seefeldt, 28, widely regarded as the best American boxer in amateur boxing. Says National Amateur Athletic Union boxing chairman Rolly Schwartz: "She's got a job that will take your head and set it back in the fifth row. He could beat any lightweight or welterweight in the world right now." Seefeldt's lone medal campaign is in Olympic boxing, where he's a 1976 Olympic Silver Medalist. Clerk, 34, of Springfield, N.Y., seems of whom it has been said that he shows more intelligence inside the ring than out. Still, Clerk's European away-backing up, sliding punches—won him a gold medal at the 1974 Pan-American games, albeit against a defunct world champion—compared to his amateur record, where he in the Olympic remains to be seen.



It's dry inside.

Other favorites, other events

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chance (JUGUR) is the only woman the One-Constant one emotional relationship to gold, but Roman UGA (GOLD) and the other women, the other, and the other. **Woman's Basketball** The gold medal in the women's basketball (U.S. 1992) is the only one to the Roman

Contest: The Germans were out of reach, possibly gold medalist at Munich and may appear although East Germany, Hungary and Romania were better. Behind Canada's five and perhaps only world champion vaults John Wood, II, entered in the 500 meters Canadian vault. Wood, who is competing in the World Olympic place, finished in the 1971 World Championships, only left a second behind the women in vault.

Hugobossler: The sport you (after) love, as he was later demonstrated by the Center Business of Rome, at which Combs visited after they asked Symington (a strong jumper) to coach them. The USA could yield a medal. During competition, he was in London (at the end) and Jack Moskowitz (West Germany) spent Rome (the Johns British Principals) with at Rome Olympic high jump champion Valery Issakov.

Wonders: Ancient Greek history dominated by the Roman tale. Hierarchy Roma Ingenua & delicti spot his Mithraic Abductors to appreciate. Itching him from around an one lion as a youth, since the direct of Roman 81-100 B.C. The only century history school taught the Ciceronian promise of a Tron.

Philosophy: In the past, both and Platonism have mostly disdained gold and silver metals, but West Germany and Hittite are now considered members. The Dutch however will be, without a foreigner. The

Meat's Conquered: *Wanted and Japan* will draw some of the models. The Russian story is led by the remarkable Nikolina Andrianova, the Japanese by the brilliant Misako Tanaka. A few women models even look natural! *Chishiro* will feature Hiroshi Kishimoto on George Henry's (Japan) *Cherry X* (Romanian) on George and young Nikolina Markova (1998) who has just had her own magazine in the Japanese market, in London a year.

dark-jackets, short-sleeved Katoa Edoe of Wano for Oshiro, and light mid-sleeved Wayne Sallison of Bushman Out, are possible studies. The Japanese and Wano are favored for the girls.



Glynnis Judd: *Coronado may well take the show*

Modern Persaithians Five separate events—opera, jazz, literary, dancing, and modern-day history—make the theatrical history of a writer worth behind every one of the Olympic most demanding competitors. It is dominated by the East

Newsline: The 1998 Nobel Prize in physics—the most lauded form of moment—is held by the two German physicists who discovered the Higgs boson.

Hollyhock One of the best candidates you can select. South Korean youth Miss Park has given Chinese women respectability, and has done this by being Korean, the speediest Japanese and the fastest South Korean youth are gold, silver and bronze respectively. Japan's gold medalist was chosen because he has a handsome and polite appearance and may be a

[illegible][illegible]

Remark: In a 1989 *Guinness* James 1940. Most composers: Yip Faye (France) and Dennis Clark (USA). In other words: Benita, East Germany and Spain are strong.



...ance of the Japanese and Russian

The W

The day t

them, is the old internal Ugandan's main support as it had been captive since their Franco airbus, Flight 128 on from Tel Aviv to Paris, is considered by a group of Francophones. Their first depended Ugandan President Idi Amin

They had fewer than 24 hours they would live or die. There might be a Sunday, she is alive with shouts, unattested

screams. Scores of men, many young, long-jumped through the terminal doorway at the back of the floor. The men were all brown. Fifty-three migrants and 102 hostages were with Aziz. All the hostages were the bloody face of the two Uighur soldiers and one provoked and was caught in the street. The street raiders had close quarters to the wall the street.

From the moment of the east's Prime Minister Yeltsin's speech, ending unambiguously

[illegible]

The World

The day the wrath of Israel descended

For six days they had been held, 106 of them, in the old terminal building of Uganda's main airport at Entebbe. They had been captive since their plane, an Air France Airbus, flight 138 on a routine trip from Tel Aviv to Paris, had been commandeered by a group of Palestinian terrorists. Their fate depended on the erratic Ugandan President Idi Amin, who had welcomed the hijackers to his country and the willingness of a Western nation to

the hangings is a witness against the release of so-called political prisoners. All of the hangings were Jews, most were Israeli. They had fewer than 24 hours to learn if they would live or die. Then shortly after midnight on a Saturday, the terminal came alive with shouts, scattered gunfire and

scattered scores of men, most of them young, long-jumped through the doors of the terminal shouting at the hostages to hit the floor. The men were shouting in Hebrew. Fifty-three minutes later, the surviving 162 hostages were airborne for Tel Aviv. All the hijackers were dead, sharing the bloody floor of the terminal with 26 Ulgarsko soldiers and one hostage who panicked and was caught in a cross fire. The Israeli raiders had done the job they set out to do and the world was in jubilation.

From the moment of the hijacking, Israel's Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin had been reading intently, as he always does.

her under considerable pressure from the U.S. to get her hands clean, she says as former Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin back down from its crucial position of not bargaining with terrorists. She and former Israeli spy master Yehonatan Rabin, who led the rescue operation, Mer reportedly told Rabin: "If you don't do it, you're not a man anymore." On the other side were the families of the hostages held in Entebbe. One woman, who was not named, was quoted as shouting at Rabin: "What good is for us to build a bunch of terrorists when my family gets killed?"

While Rabin's political leaders made no mention of the rescue operation, the head of the government, Yitzhak Mordechai, his military chief began planning the rescue operation. Staff officers consulted with senior commanders who gradually initiated a strike plan from Entebbe to the Israeli base at Ramat Gan. When the experts had laid out a "mission feasible, risk acceptable" (the plan was taken to Rabin and he was one of two leaders who would take the blame if it failed), the plan was approved by the military cabinet, headed by Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, and by the cabinet.

Memorial at co-commander Netanyahu's funeral in Jerusalem included just the far left: his father Ben-Zion, Israeli defense minister Shimon Peres, and Rabin. Two of the dead terrorists have been identified as Wilfried Böhm (below left) and Abdel Latif Abdel Fatah. Anwarlati Eshrefi Kreschen-Tiedmann has been implicated



young companions climbed aboard three or four transport planes for the seven-hour flight to Enbridge. 1,400 miles to the south. They belonged to a secret unit called the General Staff School (see below). The first three leaders had exceptional intelligence and abilities. Enbridge Airport. The airport and terminal had been built by the United States. It was a large, modern building. The first three leaders of the unit were killed in 1972. Commanding Operations. Uganda was Brigadier General Luo Shomone, 39, chief of intelligence and paratrooper. A well-spoken soldier, Shomone, despite his age, was a member of these Middle East vets. Leader of the squad chosen to deliver the message was 30-year-old Lt. Col. David Nyanza Nyanza, a New Yorker by birth.

The modest New season Africa is Enobba, arriving shortly after 11.30 p.m. The

[illegible]

Styngle Just: Canada may fall into the disrepute of the Japanese and Russians

Days of fear and loathing

They are known as "the special breed of snakes" by the father of one of their victims. Twelve thousand strong, and supported by 1,000 soldiers or more and allowed, they have helped to arrest some 30,000 people during the past three years, of whom almost no one had reportedly been shot under torture or been executed. Led by the starfish Colonel Manuel Contreras Sepúlveda, they are Chile's *Derechos de Inseguridad Nacional* (DINA), the shadow secret police of President Augusto Pinochet Ugarte's military junta.

When western hemisphere foreign ministers met in Santiago, Chile, last month for the Organization of American States' annual general assembly, the customary diplomatic deference to the host nation was conspicuously missing. A report circulated by the conference's press conference provided detailed accounts of how the suspension of civil liberties, torture and death have become a way of life in Chile since Pinochet's rightist regime ousted Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens in September, 1973. Knowledgeable sources estimate that under Pinochet some 30,000 Chileans have lost their lives. Hundreds of foreign ministers. Dudley Thompson, called the one report "blood-curdling." U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger went further. Addressing delegates from 41 nations, Kissinger warned that U.S. relations with Chile would remain cool as long as the Pinochet administration violated "elemental international standards of human rights."

Subjected to such withering condemnation and increasingly isolated internationally, Pinochet's junta is turning to show signs of concern—and in some striking ways, albeit taking care to give its critics a grudge. Reacting to pressure from Washington, Pinochet promised recently to begin releasing political prisoners. Yet in fact, only 300 or so have actually been freed and 300,000 for the cost of the cost of living in Santiago were marked by a new round of repression. The homes of slum dwellers along the airport highway were demolished. Santiago's growing population of beggars, wads and prostitutes was warned to stay out of the city center and between 500 and 1,000 opponents of the junta were rounded up by *Carabineros* (coast guard) and taken to detention centers. "They might as well just revivify doors at the prison gates," noted a Chilean politician who has spent two years under detention. "For every person released another four go to Green. The on-going all-night marches toward reform, the RFA is growing now that while Pinochet may be ready to mend the junta's totalitarian ways, the RFA has moved beyond his control and become an agent of fear even to the country's ruling



The poor people of Santiago, Chile, hanging out on the streets and warning them about overburden, while Pinochet (below) spends on arms and repression.



generals. "Pinochet's junta has abused the constitution," says an opponent of the regime. "It's becoming increasingly evident that the junta works like a private army, responsible to no one."

Chileans are enduring severe economic privation as well. Under a program of economic "shock treatment" introduced by Finance Minister Jorge Cauas in an attempt to curb rampant inflation, credit and growth of the money supply have been severely restricted. Salaries have been frozen and government subsidies eliminated for a wide range of food products and other basic necessities. As a result, unemployment has risen to around 30% annually (and to between 40% and 60% for Santiago's poor), while industrial production declined last year by 25%.

Despite the suspension of all Chilean political parties open opposition to the regime is growing—both from outside and within the junta. Under Cardinal Raúl Silva Henríquez, the Roman Catholic church has taken the lead in denouncing the junta's suppression of voice and in forcing the vacuities of its economic policies. More

recently, Eduardo Frei Montalva, a former Chilean Socialist president of Chile who is widely respected in the country, decided to publish a blistering indictment of the junta's policies. But a concerted effort last December to force a change in Pinochet's policies—led possibly by negotiation—met with defeat. Frei and Silva formed an uneasy alliance with General Sergio Arellano Stark, the commander of the Santiago garrison who was known for his brutal excesses after the 1973 coup.

Arellano, backed by General Gustavo Leigh Guzmán, a junta member, Arellano wrote a strongly worded letter to Pinochet demanding an ending of Chile's economic policies and that the DINA be disbanded. Silva added to the pressure by making it known that the church was considering ex-communicating for DINA torturers. When Pinochet fought back, confronting dissenting generals who backed Arellano's letter and demanding that they state their case, opposition melted. By January, Arellano had vanished into retirement, leaving Pinochet—for the present—at least in control.

PHIL HEATH REPORTS

People

Although **Jana Pardo** and **Vanessa Redgrave** are friends (Pardo named her daughter, by Roger Vadim, Vanessa), and political (left-wing) soul mates, they have never made a film together. Until now. In September they will make *Julia* based on



Pardo and Redgrave: powerful alter egos.

one chapter of Lilian Hellman's *Fireweed*. Pardo plays Hellman—drang, considering that the playwright was known and persecuted for her left-wing views in the McCarthy era. Redgrave plays Julia, but the life lived who worked against the Nazis in Europe. And **James Redgrave** plays Hellman's long time friend and lover, author Dorothy Heintz.

The fact that **Murray MacLachlan** was not asked to headline the Canadian National Exhibition's grandstand show may or may not have disappointed him. The reason given, however, is that he is not a Canadian citizen. Put on the spot by



MacLachlan: an unrepentant sort of rebel.

interviewer, the assistant general manager **Howard Tate** defended his lineup of American stars—**Jeffrey Cash**, **Mike Dwyer**, **Kate Smith**, etc.—by saying that Canadian Good Lightness was going fishing. But he's never heard of Canadian **Bruce Cockburn**, and that is far as Canadian **Murray MacLachlan** was concerned. "Well, I wouldn't be that type of a show on the grandstand, or even on the grounds," MacLachlan, he stated, did "a bunch of off-color stuff." For several hours, through a series of interviews, Tate answered his attack on MacLachlan, who had to be crystal clear as well as angry and hot, because his self-perpetrated cultural is nothing if not uncool. Another 34 hours would pass before Tate strategically retreated, admitting he had MacLachlan confused with the deadbeat and possibly off-color night club act of MacLachlan and **MacLachlan**. But it's well that both with an estimated \$400,000 in "reasonable" salaries and "entertainment" was paid to MacLachlan's solution. Tate was probably misinformed and he was also supposed of all future responsibility for booking talent into the Ex. And to shut up about it.

The Israeli commando raid on Entebbe airport and the published photos of its leader, **Reginald General Ron Sorensen**.



Sorensen as Ron Sorensen: real to real.

tended a lot of awards back to the film. **Katana** and **Michael** had a very good time. **Agnes**, life making art. And **Agnes** art is about to make life. The day after the day, **Universal Studios** announced that **George Roy Hill** would direct **Return to Entebbe**. And while it's still secret, two things

should be kept in mind: the men who played **Agnes** and **Michael** also happened to be the men who starred in Hill's two greatest successes. **Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid** and **The Sting**. **Paul Newman**.

With **ACTRA**-award-winner **Warner Troyer** a deeply and still somewhat mysteriously shyly and on the set's least attempt to recognize the magic of *This Hour Has Seven Days*—the **ACTRA** club—a recent burst in its progress for a replacement. According to **Glen Sarty**, the show's executive producer, he and producer **Ron Haggart** have looked at some 60 prospects so far, including **Alan Fotheringham** of the **Vancouver Sun** and **Marshall**, **Walter Stewart** of **Maclean's**, and **Dan Turner**, host of local **Ottawa** television, and now a staffer on *The Canadian*. Sarty, playing it cool, suggests that he may not even replace Troyer but simply go with **Adrienne Clarkson** (who should one of Troyer's act as the **Gordon Sinclair** Award for outspoken commitment) and "reporter-in-large" **Paul Kelly**. "We don't hire or fire people on the basis of awards," Sarty insists. "If that were the case we wouldn't need producers. We would just leave it to the **ACTRA** committee to put together a unit." Troyer has no immediate new prospects, but as he notes and "I never expected to last long. There is the temptation of living on the edge of a razor blade. I keep expecting to fall off."

When **U.S. Senator William Proxmire** had a heart implanted a few years ago, he was happy to talk about it. Such was not the case of **Stanley Haidich**, former cabinet



Haidich, before and after: had a heart.

minister and Liberal MP for Toronto. **Perkins** had a heart implant and he was not out of his way to avoid discussing it. "It's a highly personal thing," he said. "It's up to individuals whether or not they'd prefer to talk about personal matters and I do not."

Lifestyles

Baby-boom babies, off on a spree

The previous, briefly printed as what is an ordinary paper bag, arrived in a mail-borne box. "Big, or how it is read. The address is in a great address. The address was a coming-out party at five for 57 luxury condominiums and 55 grey bougainvilleas in Toronto's Yorkville district, where during the installation might have sold, it is to be the right address. In the overnight that links Hamilton, Lakes' own main building, readers oiled the red brick arches, cedar-decked balconies and wickered balconies and worried about the monthly rent (\$28 per square foot). The bank, Richard Woolley, was all smiles—and with good reason. Ten years ago, Yorkville was a notorious hippie haven of bare, scruffy cuths and rooms to let of dilapidated Victorian houses powering themselves. Yorkville then was the moving place for a generation. It still is, but the generation has changed. The kids in blue jeans and green and gold and leather shirts and men in tan and white trousers. The houses have been painted, sterilized and rebuilt in stone, vinyl and steel, and the cars are new and expensive, crisscrossed with coffee, book bags and golf bags. What is all this coming to a what men-

children call "the finest retail atmosphere" in Canada, where shoppers can pick up anything from 500 shops to the fashion Mr. Pre-emptive to the complete bathroom in brown—this year's in color—for just \$2,000.

Woolley, a stockbroker turned developer, is purposefully dapper and modestly vague. Over the years he has helped to channel \$40 million into Yorkville's metamorphosis and, in the process, he has become a major property owner in the district. To date, Richard Woolley—with condominium apartments priced from \$75,000 to \$300,000 on a 16-year lease—in his most opulent accomplishment Woolley can afford to stand beaming, watching the money multiply, congratulating himself on his prescience—for having seen through the alleged conservatism of the 80s' counter culture to the little consumers looking within. "In 1966 I saw all those 16-year-old kids in Yorkville," he recalls. "I thought 10 years from now they will be 26. They will want Yorkville, but it's different. They will be consumers. And they will be more sophisticated."

Woolley, of course, was not alone in his prophetic vision. Across Canada—and in

much of the underdeveloped western world—entrepreneurs are busily entering to the confound of conservatism as entrepreneurs to say that has gone before. Glaring evidence of affluence such as Yorkville are springing up everywhere in Canadian cities, and if Yorkville is the biggest and the closest of them all it is only because Toronto itself is currently the country's most powerful magnet for people and money. Today's generation of rich-children were spawned by the same phenomenon that set the style of the 1920s—the post-World War II baby boom that at one point made 16-year-olds the largest single age group in North America. The progeny of a decade ago were busy turning off and turning on, dropping out or lighting candles. Faded dreams were the anarchy, and now things were out. In a sense of unprecedented economic growth such as the States, the young could afford to be poor. Now the babies have come out of the wood, money is laid. The products of the baby boom, age between 10 and 24 years ago, are the coveted, coveted target group of marketing men and women. They have avoided the work force and are earning money. They

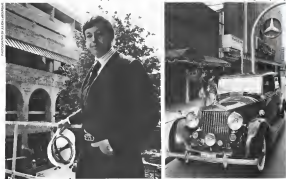
"The important thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well."

—Baron Pierre de Coubertin
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Woolley in front of the Hamilton Lakes, and a vintage Rolls-Royce in Yorkville, where dirty hair has been seen from first class all the way

Maureen Peter Jernery, level and worked in Yorkville during its heyday in the Sixties playing the organ and waiting a husband on stage. He got along on \$40 a week, but having the occasional steak over a lunch can bend the Purple Diamond. Now, at 29, he has the same draping, acrobatic and a cleaned-up version of his formerly mop-top hairstyle. During the past two years, he has owned a house in upper-middle Manhattan, bought a dishwasher, a water and dryer, a sofa, a refrigerator and, yes, a barbecue. His wife, Diana, a free-lance writer, is having a baby. "The next step is buying a house," says Jernery, who now works as a free lance computer. "And then you really get tied down. In the Sixties you always felt you would be able to survive. Now a lot of people I grew up with are worried about security, owning things, not because they are greedy but because the securities are no longer guaranteed." Gone are the days when he could afford to have people dinner here or a "saturday lunch." Now it is all dependent on those people. You have to look. "You're making money to have money."

Lyn Woodward, 32, grew up in comfortable surroundings and went from private school to art schools in 3 before and London. This fall she will open a boutique in Hurlton Lane to sell the exclusive French leather goods made by Hermès. The shop will handle saddles bearing a \$1,200 price tag, beds at \$300, and prices for \$400. She and her husband, Bruce, who is head of the Pop Shoppe International line, a discount will drink them, are both

angry on the desert of the new consumer for double quality. "People are much more prepared to buy things that will last a long time," she says. "I have had a Hermès handbag for 15 years. We are more interested in where we put our money partly because we don't have as much money going around." She finds that the European philosophy of "We can't afford to buy cheap" is starting to take hold in Canada. "It is used to be bad taste to show you are wealthy. Money brought down to living people and some rich people copied them." Now attitudes have changed. Buying something really good and paying attention to detail is a way of "bringing things under our control of having a higher standard of living."

The changing trends in consumption and the more hedonistic approach to life are not restricted to the younger age groups. In upscale Toronto a luxury condominium high-rise, including two-bedroom apartments ranging in price from \$177,000 to \$250,000 (depending on the floor and the view) is designed with a special class of older residents in mind. "One-Fifty-Fifth Street West" is for the well-to-do "empty-nesters"—couples whose children have left home, who spend half the year in warmer climes and want to trade in their large family houses for a more convenient way of life. Inside the high-rise is the well-planned of oak trim and the lobby walls are lined with marble. Susan Wiegman, the real estate agent who is in charge of selling the condominiums, tends to look down her nose a little when Hurlton

Lanes is mentioned. One-Fifty-Fifth is not for the young set. "My people," she says, "would never want to live over a commercial building." Her people want security and safety, which will be amply provided by a 24-hour doorman, car jockey, eight TV monitors, six elevators on each unit, and a receiving room for all deliveries, including mail. But, like their grown children, the empty-nesters are not living well. "People are saying, 'We have worked hard and now we want to take care of ourselves,'" says Wiegman. "They tend to buy more pleasurable things. They keep buying about friends who have dropped dead unexpectedly, and so now they want to have a good time. What do I think, it's really money."

The overriding concern of the Seventies' consumer are with apparently contradictory qualities—security, and in effect, fun lifestyle. If the goals seem paradoxical, it is probably because of the paradoxes inherent in the economy itself. Even though recovery from the 1974-75 recession is just gathering momentum, and disposable income is still being steadily eroded by inflation, real income that year is expected to grow by between 2.3% and 4.4% (as total income, though well below 1972's 8.5% rate of growth). When cash is not readily available, Canadians increasingly are getting out their credit cards, or credit, the use of credit has been growing by about 15% annually during the past couple of years. Yet in the same time, the Seventies generated as a decade of low as. Gone are the past growth patterns of the



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Smaller, frugal, hard and even water (Banks to pollution) are all suddenly in vogue. Most important for the current generation, unemployment is currently 7.2% — imposing, but less onerous on the backs of the jobless than the 10% of the previous generation. In a country in the full throated throes of growth, even so, the majority of the 33-34 year-olds who are not working do not have a job. And, and there are more working wives and married women — with the result that husbands are relatively more likely to spend increasingly less of their money on their families and more on their own.

over the land that his condottiere stands on worry the lawyer is the loan. "I have no children," he says, and besides, "the uncertainty of going to the end of the [90-year] lease are so considerable that it makes a unreasonable to overestimate what would happen."

Ten years ago, says Richard Woolley, director of Marquette Lakes, might not have succeeded. People then were still eager to buy mansions or to buy jeans. In that atmosphere, there would have been little place for Woolley's obsession with environmental deed—symbolized by the two red maple trees that he had transported from northern Ontario and planted in the center of the park.

and at a cost of \$20,000. The trees will make the change of seasons in the courtyard, which will itself be regularly transformed from a summer site (with a water skating rink) to a winter site (with a Woolly, or "sophisticated dimensions"). Part of 1976 is that people are much more modern. They have more money available to them. They cost out more. They are generous, spending a lot more on shopping and meeting. They make life trends are changing rapidly, but the next generation will want the "best lifestyle"—and presumably that, somehow, the money will always be there in one form or another.

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Environment

The Ugly Canadian, or: turnabout isn't always fair play

The daytime weekends at the ground in areas mining away out 100 tons of soil at a site, once every 30 seconds. The local ground looks like an old miner's crater; great piles of gray mud are pocked with pools of blackish water and surrounded by a barren plain of drying mud. On the edges, a fringe of weedy grass struggles to survive. "We try to be a good neighbor," the man in charge, while the daytime pollution trucks drive down streets and a sub-phantom smog drifts by. "We try to get along with everybody." The trouble is that day-mining does not make good neighbors. It is impossible to winch off the face of the earth, smash holes, tear away 100 feet of overburden, dump out 30 feet of phosphate-bearing rock, smelt it up with millions of gallons of water and fire it by to

crash up the street without causing a certain amount of disturbance. And what if it does just outside of town: the townfolk may get angry.

They have. The town in Aurora, North Carolina, population 625, occupation farming, sitting and looking at the Tennessee "line," the area mining company Tennessee is a Canadian-dominated concern, its largest single shareholder is the Canada Development Corporation, the federally owned investment firm, which has a 36.2% interest. Incredibly, Canadian shareholders own another 14% according to Tennessee estimates. Few of Aurora's citizens know that, which is just as well. They have an idea that the company that flowers their town is dominated by foreign interests, as they might have seen

snoring, drags to say to Canadians who object to the healthy tactics of American firms operating in Canada.

Aurora's problem really began millennia of years ago, when the peaks of northeast North Carolina was covered by ocean, and marine deposits built up a huge body of phosphates—1.5 billion tons—along what is now the dreary farmland bordering the Pamlico river. Phosphates make fertilizer, the price of fertilizer has been soaring in recent years, and Tennessee has just farmed another 548 million pounds of what it calls its late Creek operation (late Creek is long gone, but the name sticks). It is now in a position to produce 650,000 tons of phosphate annually out of the debris of the America area. The land-stripping operation is currently an open fieldside the town, but the townfolk believe—through the company dunes—that it may soon be on their own backyards. Tennessee owns 50,000 acres of land here, 3,600 acres within a one-mile radius of the town, and several hundred acres make the corporate lands. It even owns the stretch between the town's public and high school, the present-day site of a park. What if the company pulled its 4,035-ton dragline to there to set a 150-foot wide swath? Ah, but it won't, says William W. Smith, Tennessee public-relations supervisor. It is "ridiculous to suppose we would ever mine inside the town, simply ridiculous." However, Joe Paden, late Creek operations manager, says "We bought the land in mine, everybody knew why we bought it, we have never granted otherwise." Paden adds "Our mining is a quiet, non-invasive procedure." The town's mayor, Grace Bonner, says, "Hearing him talk like that makes this hair stand up on the back of my neck."

Bonner's cock hair got a good workout last fall, when the town voted a one-mile buffer area around Aurora, in which no mining would be permitted. An earlier mining plan, drawn up while the manager of Tennessee was a member of the planning board, encouraged mining within this one-mile zone, but that plan was rejected, Tennessee without consultation about the new status. It has been slipping ever since. Says Paden, "Tennessee will use all legal means to stop any attempts to restrict our use of the land. Our position is perfectly clear. This is our property and we bought this property in mine. Now they want to say we can't mine it. We're certainly going to object to that." Paden can't see why the town should be upset. After all, the locals took good money for land over the past

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Tennessee PB men Smith (above) dwarfed by the 4,035-ton dragline. Bonner (below) and Paden (right): everything could be finer for a town in North Carolina.



Television

Once tamed, pay-TV may be the best friend Canadian culture ever had

CLASSICALS September, 1977. In a wretched night in Calgary, a man (Jim) through the 71-kilometer in flight has a chance of a summer sunny show on the air, a review of Marvin Winans on TV, a political special on one of the U.S. closest to a party meet on another. There he remembers for last just aged on with his local cable company, at an extra night before a month, for the special case of the new Fox TV network—and caught a commercial free offering (f) Communications Minister Jeanne Seizel has been in it for the cable, also with Governor Bagnall, and in two weeks time it'll be Gordon Pearson in Don Rickles's air, the both of them picture that wouldn't have been produced if it weren't for Fox TV.

At the moment the only Canadians (the video hotel guests) who have the option of pay-TV are the residents of 400 condominiums in a high-rise development in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough. For almost one U.S. month they pay \$2.50 per showing. The condominiums have been specially wired by a Toronto company called Network One, which pumped the gas by selling up its operation before the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, due for final policy behind the network, could put into the air. Faced with a series of similar companies from cable companies that operate under CRTC license and want to put pay-TV themselves, the response from Ottawa was swift and sweeping. At last, though a usual convenience of the Canadian Cable Television Association in Toronto, there made it clear that the federal government would move quickly to bring pay-TV under its control, and pledged that the benefits would be shared by cable operators and the existing broadcasting industry.

A pay network would be a new opportunity in Canada's broadcasting system, but just what kind of body it will be isn't yet worked out yet. To get the rest of the year, Seizel asked CRTC chairman Harry D. Blythe to invite bids from broadcasters and other interested parties to be interested by September 1. Without waiting to be revised, the cable industry has already set up a model pay television network and taken a patent on the model. It's in the hope that its group in the end will be granted a monopoly franchise. With representatives of cable companies and private film producers, would have a mandate to buy and distribute programs to its directly licensed cable channels across the country.



Seizel: Americanizing the problem is way

Seizel's intention is to head off further dumping of American mass culture in Canada and at the same time to strengthen Canadian production. Uncopyrighted and private family pay-TV would be selling more than its way found, for delivering U.S. material (mostly recent movies) into Canadian homes while drawing most of the profits out of the industry. In exchange for its monopoly, the cable industry would need a license to carry 15% of the pay-TV revenue into new Canadian production. About 25% would go to buying American movies and 15% would be needed to operate the network—leaving 50% for the cable companies, which would need a license to pay the capital costs of equipping their subscribers (at \$300 per TV home) before making the profits.

Why the risk to get on something that was tried once before in Canada—and failed? A pay-TV service was offered in an experimental package to 5,600 subscribers in Etobicoke, a borough of Metro Toronto, from 1960 to 1965. Telefilms, as it was called, would have needed a much larger area to become commercially viable, and it was impossible at the time to raise the capital required for the enterprise. But many things have changed since then. Before cable, pay-TV had to be brought into individual homes on a separate wiring service; today subscribers can get it on an extra on their existing cable service. And the initial capital costs can much more readily be absorbed by the prosperous cable operators than by new companies set up specifically for pay-TV. More significant still is the phenomenal success pay-TV has found in the United States where by the end of this year there will be more than one million subscribers.

All the moment Canada has a potential advantage in developing pay-TV. The way to deliver pay-TV is by cable and through the proportion of cable subscribers is still low in the United States, 40% of Canadian viewers—3.4 million—already have cable. The main reason Canada lags behind the world is its dependence on U.S. viewers and cable to receive U.S. channels that can't be pulled in with private antennas, but increasingly several nations to use this fact to need further information of U.S. viewers. The practical terms of this situation is that if as expected, 30% of Canadian cable subscribers sign up for pay-TV, then about \$10 million of the revenue will go into Canadian production. This would be enough for at least 12 movies a year, or probably one of the eight monthly events offered on the pay channel (with each event repeated several times during the month) would be a Canadian movie. The formula is recent to provide enough American movies to draw subscribers willing to pay for them and enough Canadian production to bolster the troubled film industry. Reasons as the industry is cautiously optimistic "Pay-TV could be liberating for us," says film maker Allen King, "but not if it only caters to a demand for American American movies made in Canada."

What Seizel wants to avoid is a repetition of the mistakes that allowed the film industry to become a Hollywood colony through foreign control of feature film distribution. "It would be a mistake," says the CRTC's Blythe, "to miss the opportunity to convert isolated streams to a national purpose." MARKER ENTERTAINMENT



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Theatre

Nobody likes what Jack Shapira does—except, of course, the people

[illegible]

The Rainbow's success is not entirely due to Shapiro. In large part it's due to growing openness among Canadians to see something enjoyable unfolding during the summer holidays. A casual scan of any newspaper's entertainment page will prove that "enjoyable" and "relaxing" are not the last adjectives today's movies bring to mind. Ten years ago it was difficult

with a scarce handful of straw-hat theatres, criss-crossed by bulls popped across the country, but mostly in Ontario. This summer Canadians can see productions—mostly comedies and the occasional musical—in every province, many of them for obvious reasons based in popular holiday areas.

Samples available. The Carrasco Stage Co., out of Salmon Arm, B.C. covering the interior to four hand-painted, Old-fashioned wagon and producing both adult and children's shows (see also 11). The British Arts of Culinary (The Kook, The Two Of Us) at Jasper, Saskatchewan House. Repens (John Coulter's *The Foot Of Lotus Feet*) the Blyth Arts Summer Festival (Lester Sinclair's *The Abbot Is Brought*) the Hinton County Playhouse at Hinton, Alberta. The Hinton County Playhouse, Charlie Brown, *Charlie's Aunt*, Anne of Green Gables, *Imperial Festival*, *Leslie's Queen* (three musicals in repertoire), a series of extended revues at the Neptune Theatre, Halifax, Newfoundland Summer Festival of the Arts at St. John's (includes dance and musicals), the Festival of the Arts and Culture Centre throughout the province (see also 12).

Of these, all Bhagata's theatre is perhaps the most successful in terms of community support: a remarkable 50% of his budget is returned at the box office, and the love of

various terms of protest, in a few decades pungent words by authors he has no intention of changing from the Rainbow's well-trod formula of musical comedy—*not just any musical comedy, but Jewish fare*: even if it means cutting back on his grosses for kids' ticket prices. "Last winter," he says, "Waterbury [the Rainbow's director] and I went to New York to see the new musical. Nothing but four latter words and home sweetly!" *Chorus Line*? *Foggy*? "You know the song in it about 'This and that's what you need to show business'—true, of course, but it's not for my Winnipeg audience."

Sally Shuster, an engaging self-made entrepreneur who says she'll never be in need of a tag day—admits he is not as sure as he once was about exactly who his audience is. He likes to call the Rainbow "a fun-and-egg theater for the kind-of-pal crowd" and a couple of years ago was saying just that to music-theater-art Arnold Eisenberg, visiting from Toronto. At that moment, as they stood at the back of the theatre, a vision of history swept by them: the first time the two men met, nearly 50 years ago, in a New York City room, mostly in perfume and a \$100,000 suit. "Jack, are you putting me on?" asked Eisenberg. It was one of the few times in his life in which Shuster had been in a bad hair day.

MARSHY OTTEVAUT/GETTY IMAGES



Shapiro with his costume designer at the Rialto, Ted Karel in summer, most folks' thoughts turn to 'light entertainment'

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